

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1882.

## FORTUNE'S FOOL.

### CHAPTER VI.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT SKELETONS;  
SOME REMARKS ON THE PHILOSOPHY  
OF CHANGE; AND WHETHER IT IS  
WISER TO BE WICKED AT THE BEGIN-  
NING OF LIFE, OR AT THE END OF IT.

THE middle-aged, feeble gentleman, whose appearance in the lane had so greatly agitated Mr. Murdoch, as described at the close of the last chapter, had arrived in Suncook about six hours previously. He had driven over that morning in a carriage and pair, from a town about thirty miles to the southward, and had put up at the village hotel—a quite pretentious edifice, which had arisen from the ashes of that little inn that had received M. Jacques fourteen years before. The Phoenix Hotel was its name, painted in black letters across its white front. Its existence was about contemporaneous with the emancipation of the village from the dominion of whisky and disreputability, and its proprietor was a gentleman who had experienced religion, and was of opinion that he could make it pay. It had two rows of windows on the side, six to a row, all fitted with bright green shutters; and the front entrance was approached by a flight of six wooden steps. A common remark about it in the mouths of the villagers was to the effect that it only needed a steeple to make it a meeting-house; and indeed

it would have answered for a Methodist meeting-house as it was. In spite of these attractions, however, the hotel was not a marked success in a financial point of view, though no doubt it gave a certain character to the village. The proprietor (who had embraced strict temperance along with the other virtues) after long hoping against hope, had latterly begun to question within himself whether the welfare of his own soul would really be jeopardised by the sale of drinkables across his bar, and whether, even supposing that to be the case, fulness of grace is after all worth enjoying at the expense of emptiness of pocket. Had the existence of whisky been dependent upon its presence in the Phoenix Hotel, no doubt the experiment of not having it there would have worn a more prosperous aspect; but unluckily the accursed thing flowed none the less merrily in other channels for being turned out of this one. The proprietor, therefore, had fallen into a state of moral anxiety not far removed from spiritual tergiversation, when the roll of wheels and the tramp of steeds waked him out of his reverie, and brought a temporary glow of gratification to his chilled sensibilities.

The new arrival comprised four persons: an elderly man and woman, evidently domestics of the better class: a handsome, rather pale gentleman, with an aquiline nose, large blue

eyes, and almost feminine mouth and chin; altogether, a refined and rather pathetic looking visage; finally, a child who had just arrived at the age when children—female children especially—begin to enter their least attractive period of existence, but who, even then, possessed a very remarkable pair of black eyes, with well-marked and mobile eyebrows, and a singularly noticeable and characteristic way of holding herself and of moving her head and hands.

When the party had been accommodated with rooms—a process attended with the less difficulty inasmuch as the hotel was all before them where to choose—and orders had been given for dinner to be ready at the old-fashioned New England hour of one o'clock, the gentleman and the little girl sallied forth together for a stroll about the village. The gentleman moved with a sauntering step, pausing every now and then to gaze about him, and responding with a kindly yet absent manner to the prattle of the child. "Uncle," she exclaimed at length, turning her eyes upon him with an air like an offended heroine of the stage in miniature, "you are answering me randomly!"

"At random, you mean, my pet," the uncle replied, in a gentle murmurous tone.

"Randomly is a nice word. I do not love you when you are like this."

"Now, Madeleine, you are to blame! You called me uncle when you know I want you to call me papa; so you must expect to be answered randomly."

"I think this is a very stupid place. Why did we stop here?"

"Oh, to look about a little and see what changes have taken place."

"How can we tell whether there are any changes?"

"Oh, every place changes; all the world changes; you and I change."

"I never change!" said the young lady with emphasis. "How have you changed?"

"Well, my hair used to be a very dark brown, and now it is getting to

look powdered, like the footmen's in London. And there are wrinkles at the corners of my eyes, and across my forehead, where it used to be as smooth as yours. And I have a great deal less time to live than I used to have."

"That is not changing; that is only growing old. But inside you must be the same; because, if you were not, how should I know every day that you are the same uncle?"

"I am afraid I am changed inside as well."

The child looked up to him with as much earnestness as if she intended to penetrate with her gaze the innermost recesses of his being. "Do you mean," she inquired solemnly, "that once you were good and now you are wicked?"

The gentleman smiled a moment; then a dejected expression darkened over his face. "I hope I am not more wicked than I used to be," he said. "But I may have been wicked once, perhaps; and now I cannot understand why I was wicked."

"That will not be my way," rejoined the little personage, lifting her head. "I am good now; but I mean to be very wicked when I grow up!"

"You should not say that," observed the gentleman, who, however, was evidently used to her quaint remarks, and attached little serious importance to them. "Besides, that would be changing; and you said just now that you should never change."

"No, that will not be changing, because the wickedness is inside me now; but I cannot make it come out until I am a woman. I do not know how, yet; but I feel it coming."

"I think it is coming so fast that it will be all out and done with long before you are a woman," returned the gentleman, glancing down at her with another brief smile. "Come, let us cross over this field to the cluster of rocks yonder. I want to see if they are the same——"

"The same as what?" demanded the child, seeing that he paused.

"The same as before you were born."

"You were going to say something else!" she exclaimed keenly; and before he could reply she added, "I don't like to go through this field; there are graves in it!" It was, in fact, the cemetery of Suncook; though not as yet a very flourishing settlement.

"Why don't you like graves?" inquired her companion.

"Because there are skeletons in them; and there is a skeleton in me; and they make me feel as if I were a sort of grave; and I am made of earth too, you know, and my skeleton is buried in it."

"Pooh! little girls have no skeletons. They are all full of the milk of human kindness. Come along! There are no skeletons here that we know."

They went onwards slowly, the gentleman a little in front. But presently the child called out to him, and he stopped and turned round. She was standing in front of a low, white marble headstone, and pointing at the inscription on it.

"Here is a skeleton that has a name like yours," she said. "Is it your wife?"

"You should not say such things, Madeleine," he answered, coming hastily back, with a flush in his cheeks. "You know it is not safe for me to be startled." All at once he turned white, and put out his hand to the girl's shoulder, on which, for a few moments, he supported himself. "Ah!" muttered he.

The headstone read as follows, in black lettering, which the dry climate of that region had left in almost its original state: "Annette Floyd, died March 16th, 182—." This was the entire inscription.

"Who was she?" asked Madeleine; "was she your wife or your sister? And why was she put here?"

The gentleman seated himself upon the mound of the grave without answering. The spot seemed to have been kept neat, and clear of weeds and brambles, though no flowers had been planted there, nor had any wreaths, or other loving or respectful

emblems been laid upon it. The breeze from the Atlantic swept across it, and sitting there, one's gaze might range unimpeded towards the far off east. There were no trees in the neighbourhood; the field was a low upland, the soil sandy. But here lay the body of Annette Floyd, who in her lifetime had had a loving heart and a passionate nature. Fourteen years she had lain there, while the world went round, with its myriad loves and hates, and rights and wrongs; its fretful business, its irrevocable idleness; its foolish wealth, and its meagre poverty. There she lay; or rather, as Madeleine had said, there lay a skeleton—a grotesque, unsightly something that was not Annette, and yet was nothing else but her; related to her in somewhat the same way as were these barren and unconscious years of death to the sweet, bright, wilful, tender years of life that had preceded them. As the refined, blue-eyed gentleman sat there, staring, not at the headstone, but at the grassy mound itself, it seemed to him that no grim form of death, but the living, warm, soft-cheeked Annette herself lay imprisoned beneath the soil, and that her loving eyes were striving to meet his own—her lips, so often kissed, tremulous for one kiss more. No; it was true that all things change. Why had he been wicked? Was anything which these years had brought him worth what he had given for it! Now they seemed but as an hour—an hour choked up with fatal folly and futility, in which many a dreary miracle had been wrought. And the dreariest of all the miracles was, that, looking into his heart, he could not find there any lively grief or intolerable anguish, but at most only a dull sense of dissatisfaction with himself. His imagination could dally with tragic fancies, as an actor strives to identify himself with his part; but to be and suffer the real tragedy was no longer in his power. Annette had no monopoly of death; something within himself had also died during the

fourteen years, and he had borne the corpse of it about with him, and now had brought it here. He himself was a living grave, as Madeleine had said.

Madeleine, meanwhile, had been idling about the little cemetery, inspecting the various tombstones with a mixture of interest and aversion; her hands clasped behind her back, and her long black hair blowing about her face and neck in the warm breeze. Occasionally she cast glances in the direction of her companion; but as he still remained seated idly in the same position, she at length lost patience, and went up to him—

"I prefer not to stay here any longer," she said, with her curious union of childish tones, with a distinct utterance and somewhat artificial phraseology. "No one else is here that we know; and you have stayed with this one long enough."

"Give me your hand, then, and help me to get up," answered the gentleman.

"Uncle Floyd, did you kill Annette?" inquired the child, after she had helped him to regain his feet. "Did you murder her, and then bury her here at night, and fly to England, so as not to be guillotined?"

"What puts such thoughts into your mind, Madeleine?"

"If you speak like that, I shall believe you did murder her, and fear I shall reveal your guiltiness. You need not be afraid," the child added, with a wave of her little hand. "I do not mind such things. I like to be the people—how they would feel and what they would do. I have been pretending what Annette felt when you murdered her; and then, how you were, when you were doing it. Was it in the night-time? Was there a storm? And—a dagger?"

As she spoke, the little creature assumed an expression and a pose so dramatic and suggestive as really to make it seem, for a moment, as if the genius of slaughter had entered into her.

"Come, Madeleine," said Uncle

Floyd, after a pause. They went side by side to the pile of rocks where the land broke away towards the shore. He trod heedfully on the rough juts of stone until, turning a corner of the pile, a short ledge appeared, shaped very like a seat, with a back to it, and just wide enough for two people to sit in it comfortably. From here was a fine view over the bay, and down the beach to the right, where the low headland, which served as a break-water, ran out its dark and massive length, with the blue sea whitening round its margins, and breaking high against its seaward point. Further out to sea were sunken reefs, over which the waves churned at low water, or in storms. It was a dangerous coast, and there was much need of a lighthouse. Of late years, the regenerate citizens of Suncook had talked of building one there, and had even got so far as to memorialise the State legislature on the subject. They had got no further than that at present; but perhaps no more was to be expected of ordinary human nature.

"Is not that a pretty view?" asked the gentleman after a while.

"The blue is a pretty colour," the child replied indifferently; "but I do not care for the sea when it is like this. It ought to make a great roar, and go up and down like madness. I liked it that time we were in the ship, when it blew so."

"Many a ship has been wrecked on those reefs," said her companion. "Once a great ship, with all her masts standing, came from beyond straight onwards to the point of the headland, not touching any of the outer rocks; and then she lifted up her keel, and dashed it down there; and she was rent asunder in a moment."

"Was every one on board drowned?"

"Yes; every one."

"I should like to have seen that; I like everything terrible that has people in it. It makes me feel all awake and warm. Did you see that ship?"

"Yes."



"And were you sitting where you are now? And was Annette here beside you?"

"It is very naughty of you, Madeleine, to keep talking of Annette, when you know that I don't like it. You don't know what you are saying."

"Yes, I know; I can see the things that you do not tell me, in your face. When we first got here, I knew that you had been here before; your eyes looked out so hard, and then jumped back as if something had flown at them; and your mouth kept going, as if you were talking in your mind. And you have been looking for something all the time: it can't be Annette, because she is a skeleton. What is it?"

"I wish your heart was half as awake as your eyes, my child. We have been together five years, and I have come to love you very much. Do you care anything about me?"

"Why should I care for you?"

"Have not I always been good to you, and given you everything you wanted?"

"If I ever care for anybody, it would not be for that; you give me things because it pleases you to see me have them. I want to care for somebody who does not care for me; or because it would be perilous for me to care for him. Then all sorts of things would happen. Nothing happens to us. You don't make me think about you enough."

"Then, if I should tell you that when I die the property will be left to some one else, and you have nothing, would you think about me more?"

"If you did that, I might hate you," answered the child, meditatively. After a short silence she added, "Who is it, a man or a woman?"

"Neither a man nor a woman. Let us go back to the hotel, Madeleine," continued the gentleman, as if desirous to avoid any further questions from this too shrewd and opinionated young lady. "We shall be late for our dinner."

They went by the shore, so as to avoid passing again through the cemetery, which now Uncle Floyd wished no more than Madeleine; and they went in silence. But as they entered the village street, Uncle Floyd asked—

"How would you like to have a brother, or something of that kind?"

"I would rather have a brother than a sister," was her reply; "but I want neither."

"Not even a cousin?"

"If it was a maternal cousin I should not so much mind," Madeleine replied; but more, perhaps, for the sake of using the fresh word she had picked up, than because she really knew any reason for preference, on one side or the other.

## CHAPTER VII.

ILLUSTRATING THE PAINS WHICH CIVILISED PEOPLE ARE AT TO RENDER LIFE UNCOMFORTABLE TO THEMSELVES AND THOSE THEY MEET: WITH A FEW OF THE MANY MOTIVES THAT ACTUATE THEM THEREIN.

"WELL, sir, I can't say I know much about the matter myself, not bein' a fam'ly man, and so not in the way of hearin' the women-folk gossip. Lemme see, though. French, I think you said? Well, now, I guess the best thing you kin do will be just to go right over to old Mossy Jakes's—that's where he lives, that lop-sided old shanty with the elm-tree over it. He's a Frenchman himself, and if anybody kin tell you what you want to know, he's your man."

This advice was proffered by Mr. Mullen (the proprietor of the Phoenix Hotel) to his new guest, in reply to some inquiries which the latter had made of him after dinner.

"Oh, in that house?" returned the guest, after looking in the direction in which Mr. Mullen was pointing. He took a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and then asked, "How long has he lived there?"

"About fourteen years, there or

thereabouts. Rather before my time, any way. I started this hotel, sir, just eight years ago, and I've run it ever since; and I'll undertake to say there ain't a handsomer hotel to be found in the State. Strict temperance principles, too. Some say I'd do better to take in a little liquor. Well—some says the contrary; now what is your opinion, sir?"

"Mossy Jakes did you say his name was? Is he a married man? Has he children?"

"What, he? Well, I guess not; none I never saw nor heard of. There was a boy—that's so—a half-grown chap; he boarded with the old fellow fur a spell; but he was an out-and-out bad lot, and he's been runnin' wild in the woods this long while. There's some good folks, and payin' customers, likes their drop of whiskey now and again; and mebbe it wouldn't hurt much just to let 'em have it. Hotels ain't meant to be reformatories, any way. Why, look here, sir——"

"Then I believe I'll walk over there and have a word with him. Will you be kind enough, Mr. Miller, to tell my man to ask his mistress if she would accompany me? Thank you."

Though the new guest's manner and his tone in speaking was so remarkably undemonstrative and gentle, there was something in his way of asking a favour which made refusal very difficult—even when the person he asked it of was taken in the middle of some sentence of the highest importance, and heard himself called Miller instead of Mullen into the bargain. "He was for all the world the most like one of them Virginia planters," Mr. Mullen was wont to say, when describing the incident afterwards; "he looked as if he'd never heard a man say contrary to him, and that made you feel as if you didn't want to be the one to begin it." So Mr. Mullen postponed his statement of views on the liquor question, and went and told David, the servant, that the young lady was wanted. In a few minutes Madeleine came down stairs,

and she and the gentleman set forth in the way to the old red house beneath the elm.

They went more slowly now even than usual; but Madeleine noticed that Uncle Floyd smoked his cigar fast, and was very much preoccupied; and once, instead of answering some question she put to him, and which he seemed not to have heard, he suddenly stooped down and kissed her hard on the forehead. They were then quite near the house, into which she had seen two men enter a moment before. After that, Uncle Floyd threw away his cigar, and strode on more quickly.

On knocking, the door was opened at once by a queerly-dressed old man, with white hair and strange sharp eyes. He and Uncle Floyd looked at one another for a moment, and then the latter said—

"I was told at the hotel that I could obtain some information here on a subject that interests me. Can you spare me an hour this afternoon?"

"Make me the favour to enter, sir," replied the other, with a manner of such courtliness as quite impressed Madeleine, and apprised Uncle Floyd that he had to deal with a gentleman of a type not indigenous to the new world. They entered, and the old man closed the door behind them. "Be so good and go forward," he said, "and pass through the second door at your right."

Following these directions, they found themselves in a rather small dusky room, with a dark cabinet of books, a littered table, and a framed canvas on the wall, but so blackened with age or dirt that the subject was indistinguishable.

After a few remarks of a general nature, the host took occasion to observe that possibly the young mademoiselle would not find the conversation interesting; but that there was, in a room up stairs, a tame squirrel, and also some picture-books, which she might find more amusing.

Madeleine assented to this view very

readily, and the host escorted her up stairs accordingly.

When he returned to the study, his manner had undergone a certain change. It was more solemnly punctilious than heretofore, and reminded his visitor of nothing so much as the demeanour of some aristocratic Frenchmen and their seconds (of whom he had been one) in a duel many years ago.

The conversation was now carried on in French.

"Will monsieur, before I place myself at his service, oblige me with his name?"

"I am Baron Castlemere, when I am in England," the other replied. "Here, I believe, such titles are not recognised; but it will, perhaps, serve the purposes of our present interview. I merely wished to ask you for some information on a matter interesting chiefly to myself. You have lived here, I believe, a dozen years or more?"

"I arrived here, Monsieur le Baron, on the 15th of March, fourteen years ago. The house pleased me, I purchased it, and have resided here ever since."

"The house being, I suppose, unoccupied at the time?"

"Not altogether, M. le Baron. On the night of the 15th of March it was occupied by its then owner, a certain Madame Dudgeon."

"Dudgeon—yes," said Lord Castlemere, taking hold of the arms of his chair with his white, blue-veined hands. "She was living alone here, was she?"

"Not precisely alone," the Frenchman said, wrinkling his cheeks. "There was another young person here—a woman: but she was dying."

"Ah! you saw her then? Were you with her when she died?"

"I had that pleasure, M. le Baron."

"Why do you say pleasure, monsieur?" demanded the other, his face reddening.

"M. le Baron would no doubt have said the same had he been there,"

the Frenchman returned, icily. "It should be said that this young woman was born of a good family, but she had abandoned herself and her honour to a lover; and this lover—this scoundrel, M. le Baron, after having brought her here and ruined her, deserted her: he went away, but, being not only a scoundrel but also a liar and a coward, he told the girl, at his departure, that he would soon return, or send for her to come to him. By this pretext he reconciled her to the parting; but it is unnecessary to say that he did not keep his word to her. The word of honour of such men, M. le Baron, is a byword. The young girl nevertheless believed him; she believed that he would return up to the moment of her death, and she even left with me some trinkets or other—I know not what—to give to him when he should appear. But, as I was saying, for such a disgrace as hers death was the most desirable remedy; and on the evening following I had the pleasure—which you would have shared, monsieur—of witnessing it."

"You have been pleased to use very hard words about a man of whom you know nothing—nor of his motives, nor circumstances," said Lord Castlemere, whose face had twitched more than once during the progress of the other's speech. "However, I am not here to defend him against you; whoever you are, he would not probably desire it. What I want is your information, not your opinions; and you may be assured that you will be paid liberally for whatever you can tell me."

"Body of God!" cried the old Frenchman, rising trembling from his chair, his features twisted with passion, and all the sardonic designs for insulting his enemy under a specious guise of politeness forgotten in the hurry of his resentment: "do you know, wretch, who I am to whom you offer money for the story of a dead woman's shame?"

Having got as far as this he paused to gather together his energies to

utter, with a suitable thunder of emphasis and dramatic effect, the sentence of revelation. But the old man had miscalculated his strength. His physical forces were no longer adequate, as they once had been, to the expression of his rage; nay, even the rage itself, now that it was summoned to emerge from the imaginative realms in which it had been nourished for so many years, and to shape itself in living words, turned out to have lost half its vigour and keenness, and to have admitted in their stead a fatal leaven of human tenderness and remorse. Poor M. Jacques, therefore, after standing for a few moments with his tremulous arms held out before him, and his bony fists clenched, all at once sank back with a moan in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. "My Annette—my child!" came quivering from him, with sobs that were of pity partly for himself and partly for her; "thy father is too feeble even to avenge thee with dignity, or to vindicate his own honour against these insults."

When Lord Castlemere heard these broken words, which were not meant for his ear, his heart sank, and he felt a pang of dull and shamefaced misery. For when, that morning, he had found himself at Annette's grave, no doubt he had experienced grief, but it was a grief made up of pity for the forlornness of his fate, combined with a certain involuntary and, as it were, paradoxical relief at the knowledge that she was now beyond his reach for good or ill; and that, whatever she had suffered, her suffering was over long ago. It was a retrospective pity—a remorse which, for the very reason that it related to a wrong now irretrievable, was endurable, and almost seemed to carry with it a kind of mournful and romantic beauty. The cruel and perhaps ugly details were obliterated, and only the sad and moving outlines of the tragedy remained. And then he could think of all the tender and happy hours that

they two had known together, before parting and sorrow had been thought of; and to dwell on these things had been a luxury of gentle pain, marred only by the perverse questions and remarks of the child Madeleine. So that his lordship, fancying that this was all he should be called on to endure, had experienced a grave chastening and uplifting of the soul, together with a secret (and perhaps unconscious) sentiment of relief that the affair had passed off so easily.

But the affair had now assumed a far less comfortable complexion. In M. Jacques all that was harsh and unwelcome in Annette's fate lived again, while all the other side of it was in abeyance. The wrong of fourteen years ago, stripped of its mournful grace, started up before him to-day repulsive and shameful. The healing influence of time, to which he had trusted more than he was aware, all went for nothing; for worse than nothing, indeed, since here was a father who had doubtless brooded over his daughter's disgrace and injury until he had heaped up a mountain of revengeful malice much more inveterate than he could have felt at first. In view of these considerations it seemed to Lord Castlemere as if something not unlike an injustice had been committed against himself, for he remembered how, since that December day, now so far off, when he had received the sudden summons to leave Suncook with all haste and return to England—since that day of farewells, and of promises not destined to be kept, he had suffered enough in disappointments and depression, and annoyances small and great, to warrant him in thinking that thus he had done penance for his sins, and that for the sake of this they would be forgiven him. Often, in the midst of distress and gloom, had he solaced himself with the thought, "This have I deserved; let me therefore endure it, that the debt be paid, and the remorse of it be taken away." But, if his punishment were to begin now, then what was all the other

suffering for? Did it not look as if Providence had stolen a march on him? As these reflections crossed Lord Castlemere's mind he was almost ready to be angry that he had borne his misfortunes with so much meekness!

However, this first flush of feeling was followed by a better one. His eyes rested on the old man before him, and recognised there a misfortune more poignant and of higher dignity than his own. And next, a tenderness came over him, to think that this was the very father of the woman he had once loved so well—the father of whom she had spoken so often, wondering whether he would forgive her; or, in more hopeful moods, looking forward to the time when everything should be explained and condoned, and they should all dwell together in happiness and freedom. "And so it might have been," thought Lord Castlemere, "and Annette have been alive at this moment, and this old man have been full of affection towards me instead of hating me, if I had only done thus and so instead of otherwise; and so I should have done could I have foreseen the end from the beginning." Oh, if a wish could but recall the past, and give the man who sees the error of his ways a chance to begin again! But life is not a plaything, to be thrown aside and resumed at pleasure; but serious earnest—an experiment that comes to us once for all, as to immortal creatures, destined never twice to tread in the same footsteps, nor, like the conjuror's puppets, to figure over and over again in the same old drama. The shortest life is long enough to prove the mettle of him who lives it, and a myriad repetitions could not make more of it.

"Then you are Jacques Malgrè," said the Baron, after a long silence.

The Frenchman looked up, but his face was blank and unresponsive, and the fingers of the hands that hung upon his knees moved aimlessly.

"I will not insult you by asking your pardon; it is too late by fourteen

years for that," the Englishman continued. "It may not be too late to do something, though. I suppose you can guess what brought me here. That I should see you never came into my mind; this is the first time we have ever met, and I hardly thought of you as anything but a name. I knew that Annette was dead, though not how nor when. So what I came for was," he went on getting to the point with an evident reluctance and difficulty "to find out whether—to ask whether Annette were a mother when she died?" He paused, and finally added, "and if her child lived after her?"

"You did not know me, M. le Baron," said the Frenchman, with a kind of creak coming through his voice now and then, as if the springs of it were wearing out; "but you have been good enough to take it for granted that I knew you to be the thief who stole my child: you have spoken of pardon, or of compensation perhaps—I do not know. I am getting old, monsieur . . . Well—yes—it is no matter: I recognised you, although, as you say, we had never met; but, unlike you, monsieur, I have thought of meeting you ever since I put my child in her grave. The idea of you has been with me even more than of her: you have been in my dreams; and in this very room . . ." Here a sort of wildness began to stare out of his eyes, and his breath to labour in his throat. "Do you know, Milord Castlemere," he said, "why I have admitted you to this room, into which no other visitor has entered?"

Lord Castlemere sat with an oppressed feeling, awaiting what disagreeable thing might be coming next.

"Listen, then," continued Annette's father, shrilly and excitedly, and with that redundancy of gesticulation which the Anglo-Saxon smiles at as "foreign":—"it is because each day since then I have called you to this place, and you have come! Aha! this is not our first talk together, Milord Castlemere. Your name, your

face—those I knew not; but my call was for you—for the soul of the man I hate; and you have come, for it was a call no soul can resist! Every day . . . and then I have insulted you, I have cursed you; I have expressed such things to you as there are not words to speak! and I have tortured you . . . When you writhed with the torture, and wept, and besought for mercy, I laughed at you and mocked you! and I drew the knots tighter . . . but not to kill—no, no, no! for I should want you the next day and the next—always! We have been fine comrades, monsieur, since these many years. And now—"his voice began to waver again, and his eyes to grow dull and uncertain—"now you are here, it is true; but I find it in some manner different; I find myself—old!" At this point M. Jacques Malgrè stopped, and his face wore a bewildered expression. He seemed mutely to appeal to the very enemy at whom he had raved, to show him how to inflict in concrete reality those insults and tortures in which his diseased imagination had revelled.

Lord Castlemere, however, was by no means disposed to inflame still further the fantasies of his half-distracted host. Being a nobleman of great natural refinement and fastidiousness, he had been cruelly revolted by what had already occurred, and probably, indeed, would have been less inconvenienced by actual bodily assault and battery. The thought that he, a peer of England, and a man who in all his dealings, almost, had studied decency, honour, and respectability, should have been during a good part of a lifetime the object of boundless detestation to a person he had never seen—this reflection had given him a very painful shock. It affected him as an invasion of that moral privacy which even a criminal has a right to preserve; it made him feel as if he could never again retire into himself with any prospect of security or enjoyment: since he could

never withdraw so far as not to find the grim and stark malevolence of this old Frenchman anticipating and ousting him. If hatred does not go deeper than love, at any rate it makes itself felt deeper.

Be that as it may, the Baron had no appetite for more ravings, and would have been glad to beat a retreat at once, had it not been indispensable that he should first get his hands upon the information for the sake of which he had travelled three thousand miles by sea and land. He looked at M. Malgrè, and was not sorry to observe that his last eruption of fury seemed to have left the volcano at least temporarily inert. On the other hand, there was nothing in what his lordship had to say that was likely to irritate the Frenchman, but rather the reverse; and, in any case, there was no one to take the trouble off his hands. He bent forward and looked his host mildly in the face.

"M. Jacques Malgrè," he said, as if nothing unpleasant had taken place, "there is still that matter about the existence of a child. You can tell me if any survived?"

"A child!" returned the other, slowly. "Does Milord Castlemere think it probable that a child could live whose mother died, deserted and heart-broken, on the day it was born?"

"Then there is none!" Lord Castlemere exclaimed. There was a ring of relief in his voice; for it seemed to him that, upon the whole, this result was the one which he had desired. Of the two possible issues, it was perhaps the less unsatisfactory. It would save trouble, publicity, and a great deal of conceivable mortification and distress. Yes, it was better so! Lord Castlemere rose from his chair with a lightened brow, and thought of Madeleine. But for a certain unwelcome shadow of Madeleine's father in the background, the coast would have been quite clear. But this shadow had not obtruded



itself for a long time; and, like other shadows, it might have lost itself ere this in the great shadow out of which no shadow reappears.

All this while M. Jacques Malgrè had been watching his visitor, and had noted the change in his expression, not without a partial divination of its cause.

"Are you going so soon, M. le Baron?" he inquired. "Would it not interest you to hear something about the character and education of your son?"

The word seemed to strike through the delicately-built Englishman: his elbows came sharply to his sides with a spasmodic movement, and his lips became white. Following this, after a few moments, a rush of blood surcharged his face. There was some organic physical weakness in him. He made no reply to M. Malgrè, but glanced at him in a strange way, and dropped into his chair again.

Now all this puzzled M. Malgrè. He had been led to believe—not without reason as it appeared—that a son was what Lord Castlemere most desired. But the unmistakable relief which the latter had manifested when under the impression that no child survived, and, again, his disconcertment at the subsequent insinuation that there was one, seemed to show that there was more in the matter than had been suspected. Accordingly, as M. Malgrè found himself not yet prepared to do what would be most gratifying to the man he had so long busied himself with hating, he cast about to discover more precisely how the land lay. But he was overstrained, both bodily and mentally, by the excitement of the interview, and his mind, stumbling uncertainly between the past and the present, the real and the imaginary, could only occasionally catch a connected view of things. It is worth noting here, as a curious freak of fate, that during his moments of nervous prostration, when memory and self-command were least operative, M. Malgrè felt drawn towards Castlemere by an instinctive

impulse of affection. He liked him without knowing why—a sort of elective affinity: so that if he could but have forgotten altogether why he did not like him, the atmosphere would have grown genial at once. But men seem to make it a point of honour to forget only those things which would lead to friendliness—so long, at least, as anything that may be worried into hostility remains attainable.

"Milord," said the old man at length, "you will understand that I know nothing of you, nor of what you have come here to do. When I lost my daughter, my whole purpose was to find her again; when I found her, I could have wished that she had been already dead. She told me nothing of you by which I might discover you; now you come as if you wished to get something from me, but you do not tell me what it is. Unless you tell me all, I will not speak. It is you who should give to me, not I to you. Have you anything to give me, M. le Baron?"

"I may be able to give you some satisfaction, M. Malgrè," the other answered. "I can make you see that it was with no wish further to injure you that I came here. Monsieur," he added after a pause, "I am not an old man, as you see; yet my life may end at any moment. I have disease of the heart. One does not like to die with a heavier load than can be avoided on one's conscience. That is one thing that brought me over here. There were other reasons—but perhaps I had better take the events from the beginning."

## CHAPTER VIII.

OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHILDREN-IN-ARMS: OF SOME OF THE DANGERS TO WHICH THAT CONDITION IS LIABLE: OF THE VICISSITUDES OF A YOUNGER BROTHER AND THE INCONVENIENCE OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

WITHOUT prejudice to Lord Castlemere's ability to tell his own story in

his own words, it seems advisable, under the circumstances, to summarise and arrange his statements. A man is seldom interested in those phases and particulars of his career which appear of most significance to his biographer. As long as he is alive he cannot help taking incomplete views of himself; whereas the historian (if only he have the patience to wait until the obituary has been published—a precaution, by the way, not seldom omitted in this hasty age) sees the proportions and bearings of things, and what may be curtailed or omitted, and what put in or developed.

The Honourable Floyd Vivian was the elder of two brothers, sons of the old statesman, Henry, twelfth Baron Castlemere. He was an intelligent child, but of a frail constitution; and it was thought for several years that he would not live to manhood, and that his younger, but bigger and stronger, brother would be the heir. Floyd struggled along, however, as delicate children sometimes do; he was the pet of the family, and his mother kept him from school lest he should injure his health, or be injured by some lack of tenderness and consideration in the older boys. So Floyd followed his studies at home with a tutor; and his quick parts made learning come easy to him. As he grew from a long-haired boyhood into a slender and fastidious young manhood, it occurred to him that Shelley was not only admirable as a poet, but desirable as a religious and social leader. He was conscious of bearing some personal resemblance to the author of the *Revolt of Islam*, and he decided that he could not do better than take up the career of the tragic young Radical at the point where the prow of the Italian felucca had cut it short. It was true that his talents lay not in the way of poetry, as he had ascertained by assiduous practice; but he had more than an average amount of artistic ability, and could sketch ingeniously both in water and oil colours. As a point of detail, not unworthy of attention, he habitually

carried about a small volume of *Æschylus* in his coat pocket. His conversation was more or less distraught and preoccupied, according as he had time to remember to make it so; and soon after coming of age he repaired to Italy, and wandered about in search of a new Byron, to be his desperate companion.

All this was very much as it should be, and calls for no particular ridicule. The young nobleman was not a great original thinker, or genius of any kind; but he liked the words and deeds of those who did answer to this description, and cultivated his self-respect by imaginatively marching under their banner. Having the control of great wealth, he was pleased in advocating universal communism; and having enjoyed, by birth and education, all the advantages appertaining to established social order and morality, he was careful to dilate upon the obligation which every enlightened mind was under to trample all such sordid conventionalities under foot, and to allow no third party to mediate between himself and the Great First Cause, be that Cause what and where it might. In the cultivation of these pursuits Floyd Vivian passed his time very agreeably, and got into surprisingly little mischief.

Men of this kidney are very much like children-in-arms, carried about by their nurses, and mistaking the nurse's gait and stature for their own; while all the time they do not once get their feet upon solid earth. In rare instances they spring out of the nurse's arms, and attempt to do the trick for themselves, whereupon it goes hard with them; but generally they allow themselves to be borne aloft over the pavements and the gutters, and then take pride to themselves because their feet are not lame nor their shoes muddy. I shall not elucidate this figure further than to remark that Vivian, while mentally careering with his model hero over all possible and impossible realms of licence and experiment, lived, in his proper person,

the most orderly and unaudacious of lives—and was only by fits and starts aware that he was so doing. When he did become aware of it, he would secretly rebuke himself, and call his shoes to account, as it were, for not being muddier. But what can one do when his blood and his intellect disagree? How arrange a compromise between the brain of a Mirabeau and the passions of a Newton? Suffice it to say, that the Honourable Mr. Floyd Vivian lived a life of the strictest respectability, and was not a little ashamed of it, when he thought of it.

In due course of time, no doubt—as generally happens with this kind of hybrid—the tendency of the body would have proved too much for that of the brain, and the heir of Castlemere would have quietly returned to his ancestral estates, and become a sound Tory and member of the Established Church, like his father before him. But, as luck would have it, an event was to occur in his life which should altogether divert and agitate what might have been its commonplace and unimportant current. He was already on his way home from Italy, but chancing to pass through Paris, he made a short stay there. In the course of this residence he met, under rather peculiar circumstances, a certain lovely and bright-minded French girl, the daughter of a gentleman of considerable political weight, and of still higher philosophic renown. M. Jacques Malgré, as this gentleman was named, happened at the moment to be absent on a diplomatic errand in Berlin, and Annette had been left under the charge of a literary lady, a cousin of her father's, and a person of advanced Radical opinions. The restraints usually exercised over the unmarried maidens of France were greatly relaxed in Annette Malgré's case; and Vivian (who was travelling incognito as Mr. Floyd) was admitted to a freedom of intercourse with her more after the fashion of some of Georges Sand's fictitious worlds than of the priest-ridden era of Charles X. The young lady, who had a generous and

impulsive nature and an affectionate heart, had become inoculated with odds and ends of the crude and rebellious philosophical systems (so-called) which were then fermenting in the air of Europe; and she and Mr. Floyd found no end of things to talk to each other about. And now a vision came before the rapt eyes of Shelley's baby-in-arms. He saw himself united to this girl—who admired his opinions because they were incomprehensible, and loved himself because he said he comprehended her—abandoning his rank and inheritance in England—concerning which his younger brother cared much more than he himself had ever professed to do—and flying to America, the mighty home of freedom and of the future, where he would found a race of transcendental communists, on the basis of eclecticism in morals and scepticism in religion, together with universal suffrage, female emancipation, free trade, grazing, and agriculture; or music, poetry, and painting as alternatives. This was the vision that the unlucky young English nobleman beheld; and, since fools are destroyed by the consequences of their folly, but never by the folly itself—therefore Floyd and Annette were able to put at least one part of the scheme into operation. They glided out of Paris, under the nose of the unsuspecting and infatuated female literary cousin, embarked in a sailing-vessel at Havre, and, after a prosperous voyage, were put ashore at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Thence they proceeded by a coasting-schooner to Suncook; and there, for a while, they were happy to the top of their bent.

At all events Annette was happy. One cannot be so sure about her companion. His nature was a much less substantial and thoroughgoing one than hers, and it is possible that even thus early he had begun to doubt whether he was staunch enough to carry the enterprise to an end. It is certain that he had played a double game with his family at home from the first. Instead of frankly

announcing his new departure in life, he had written them a letter speaking of his proposed visit to America as a mere extension of his European tour, and arranging to have his funds forwarded regularly as usual; while of Annette and of his relations with her he did not mention one word. For three or four months, however, they lived alone very comfortably, occupying an old red farmhouse with a long sloping roof and a thick clustered chimney, and passing their time in strolling about the neighbourhood, painting pictures, reading poetry, and making love. As for their communistic projects, they left them in abeyance for the present; it would first be advisable to get used to the country, and learn something of the temper and prejudices of the inhabitants. Annette had no doubts or misgivings regarding the ultimate carrying out of the design; but Floyd must have known from the outset his incapacity for the work, and have suffered the secret and unavailing pains which conscious weakness brings.

Into the midst of this insecure Arcadia came at last a letter from the family in England. Old Lord Castle-mere was dying, and Floyd must travel post-haste to stand beside his death-bed. Annette, who had had no suspicion until this moment that the man to whom she had given herself was any other than plain Floyd Vivian, was deeply perturbed by this communication. Whether Floyd were glad or sorry, who can tell? He applied himself to demonstrating to Annette, first, that it was indispensable that he should go; and secondly, that she must not accompany him. In her then state of health, so long and hurried a journey would be dangerous; moreover, matters might not move so smoothly as could be wished at home; and finally, why should she come, since she was comfortable here in the farmhouse under Mrs. Dudgeon's care, and he would surely be back before the date of her confinement arrived? Oh, yes, indeed, he would be back. Doubtless he meant it when he said it.

The poor girl summoned up all her strength, and let him go; taking her thoughts and all her heart with him. She would not admit to herself a fear or a complaint when he was gone, and chatted very cheerfully with Mrs. Dudgeon; only, somehow, she always cried at night, which was very wrong and ungrateful of her. The wintry days passed uneventfully; she sat in the window of her chamber, sewing little shirts and knitting little socks, and glancing up every now and then across the grey eastern ocean, where many a ship went by, but none whose sails were set for her. The hour of her trial drew nearer and nearer; would she, after all, have to meet it alone? Many thoughts passed through her mind; perhaps some regrets—some confessions of error and of repentance—were amongst them; but nothing dimmed her love, nor caused her faith to waver.

Before going, Floyd had left with her money enough to support her comfortably for a year; and an arrangement had been entered into, according to which she was to send a letter to a certain address in London twice every month. In case of her being too ill to write herself, she was to get Mrs. Dudgeon to do it for her; but in case of her death (a contingency, of course, not seriously to be thought of) no word was to be sent.

Seven times Annette wrote, and posted the letter with her own hands. The last letter was dated the 14th of March, and contained, amidst a web of loving words, some little tear-drops of gentle reproach and murmuring. She hoped he would not get this letter (she wrote) because, if he did, he would not be here in time to be the first to see—somebody whose name had not yet been decided on. It would make its appearance very soon now. Meanwhile, did Floyd long for her as much as she longed for him? She hoped he did; and yet she hoped he did not; for it was enough for one of them to be unhappy. Not that he must think of her as unhappy; she was in very good spirits; only it

seemed rather lonely in the old house sometimes. But in a few days, if all went well, she would not be lonely any more! If Floyd did not take care—if he did not get back before long—he would find that a rival had supplanted him!—And then followed some sentences, the like of which all pure eyes have read or will read in their time; but which are not to be quoted here, or anywhere. And then there was a mark to show where a kiss had been put. Then a name—and then no more, on this side of eternity.

Now, it must be confessed that when Floyd Vivian (by that time thirteenth Baron Castlemere) received this letter, he was not on his way back to Suncook, but was in a very splendid mansion in London, and had just finished his toilet for dinner. His servant handed him the letter; he recognised the superscription, and being somewhat hurried, he put it in his pocket, to be read after dinner was over. At dinner he sat beside Lady Angora De Laine, one of the beauties of the season, and the conversation turned upon Shelley. Lord Castlemere considered him a somewhat overrated man; a graceful poet, but unsound and extravagant in his views. Look at his views on marriage, for example. Lady Angora mused and said, "If all men had your ideas, Lord Castlemere! Fancy your making any mistake of that kind!" His lordship smiled a little, and sighed, and changed the conversation. There was scarcely any one at table but Lady Angora—the daughter of an old friend of the family; for they were still in the thick of their mourning for the old lord. The next day Lord Castlemere went down to the country and remained ten days; he thought several times of the unread letter which had been left behind in London with his evening dress; but he could not very well send for it. By the time he went up to town again, there would be another awaiting him. By and by he went up, and found the old letter; but the new one had not arrived yet. Another fortnight passed by, and still it did not arrive. The fortnight suc-

ceeding that was spent by Lord Castlemere in a secret fever of suspense, of fear, of—hope? Well, be that as it may, no letter came, either then or at any future time. But, as long as for a year afterwards, he said to himself occasionally, "I shall go to America as soon as I can get the time, and see —" But it is very difficult for a young peer, just making his entrance into political life, to find opportunity for a vague expedition to a semi-barbarous country on the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, there was Lady Angora, a most beautiful girl, and a splendid match; she could not endure to hear about America, and thought it very courageous of Lord Castlemere to have ever brought himself to go there. In the June following—eighteen months from the time that Floyd Vivian set sail from New England—Lord Castlemere and Lady Angora were married, to the great delight of their friends and of society. It was a great comfort that the young lord should have settled himself in life so advantageously, and so early.

In fact, there can be few modes of existence more easy and agreeable than that upon which he had fallen; the only disturbing element, so far as appeared, being that unlucky younger brother of his, who had not yet become reconciled to the idea of Floyd's having undertaken to grow up and appropriate the title and forty thousand a year; while he, a much sounder and more sensible man, was forced to go and bury himself in a beggarly church living, worth barely six hundred. This younger brother deserves more mention than has thus far been accorded to him. He was, in most ways, a foil to Floyd. He had a long heavy face, a large nose, black hair and brows; in person he was powerful and rather ponderous; his voice was smooth and fluent, and, like Richard the Third, he had great confidence in the persuasiveness of his tongue. He was a man of ambitions rather personal than ideal; he liked to prove himself more subtle and sharp-sighted than the people with whom he came in contact; to make



a fool of his interlocutor before his face was a delight to him. He inherited from his parents some moral scruples and a bias towards respectability; but he early set to work to correct these drawbacks to success, and by dint of much reasoning, carried on upon a basis of common sense and utilitarianism, he contrived, while still a young man, to bring about his moral emancipation. He saw that society was selfish, and that the sacrifices it required from the individual, although seeming to be in the interests of his own salvation, were in reality but the indispensable conditions of its own aggregate prosperity and cohesion. "Now, society never gave up anything for my good," argued this subtle mind, "therefore, why should I give up anything for the good of society! Doubtless, society is stronger than I am, if I fight with it on even ground; but this superior strength is the very thing which justifies me in taking every advantage I can of it. I will seem to yield and to conform; but in reality I will pursue my own profit at the expense of anything or everything that may stand in my way." This line of argument always appears to the reasoner to postulate exceptional enlightenment on his part, and it has, consequently, the great initial merit of putting him in good conceit with himself at the outset. For the rest, it resembles other theories, when reduced to practice, in sometimes being successful and sometimes failing; the causes of success and failure lying, in this as in other matters, quite outside of the philosophic deserts of the scheme itself. "Tis not in mortals to command success;" "The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft aglæ;" such proverbial sentences, of which there are hundreds in every language, indicate the catholic acknowledgment on mankind's part that Luck is the one intractable and incalculable element in human affairs. The man whom we are considering would no doubt join in this acknowledgment; but, like other men, only after his personal experience had made the demonstra-

tion. It would then happen, of course, that the luck which favoured him would appear as the result of his sagacity, while the luck that thwarted him would appear as a senseless and perverse accident. It is just possible that neither of these conclusions may represent the whole truth; it seems inevitable that both of them cannot. As for the younger brother of Lord Castlemere, he sometimes prevailed, and sometimes the contrary; and it so chanced that his winnings were generally in trifling matters, and his losses in important ones.

He had a living in one of the northern counties of England; and being a man of some real ability, of fair scholarship, and of ingratiating address, not to speak of those involuntary and inarticulate virtues which invest even the secondary offshoots of nobility, he got a very fair start. He meditated achieving high preferment; and he gave a good deal of thought to the pretensions and prospects of the Romish Church, with the idea that a time might come when it would suit his interests to cross the line which has been drawn, or has drawn itself, between English ritualism and the Pope. He cultivated society, and was popular in it. Although not exactly a handsome man, even in his best years, he exercised a curious influence over women; they felt the masculine strength that underlay his smoothness, and were magnetised by the stroking which the privilege of his spiritual calling enabled him to give their souls. A woman who has deliberately made up her mind to be religious, in the sense of yielding obedience to the admonitions and dictates of the Church, and who imagines herself to acquire personal sanctity and moral elevation therefrom, must, in proportion to the sincerity of her persuasions, fall more or less under the sway of whatever priest has the will to rule her, and a certain knack of management. The reverend gentleman whom we are discussing owned these qualifications, and was, moreover, neither too old nor too ascetic to affect female society for



other than ambitious or ecclesiastical reasons. If he had been endowed with the prudence and impassivity of a calculating machine, he might in time have made a fortunate marriage and become a pillar and light of the Church; but inasmuch as he had omitted to allow for the weight of human passions in the scale, a catastrophe presently took place. The exact nature of this event is not known; it was not allowed to make the noise or to attain the publicity that it might have done under other circumstances; but the result was that the incumbent was obliged to give up his living, and to seek retirement on the Continent. It was then found that he had, during his incumbency, lived in a style more in accordance with the means he hoped to obtain than with those he actually possessed; and the consequent debts were paid by Lord Castlemere, in order to avoid scandal. His lordship further agreed to pay his brother a certain fixed sum per annum, in consideration whereof the latter was to continue to live abroad, and to abstain from making himself obnoxious to the family. For several years this arrangement appeared to work pretty well; though the banished brother was continually applying for sums of money to meet unexpected contingencies, and was a constant source of uneasiness to his lordship, who was above measure sensitive on the score of the family honour, and fearful lest his brother, in revenge for some alleged act of illiberality, should create some new and more outrageous scandal. For a time, however, nothing worse happened than the marriage of the ex-rector with a person of very questionable eligibility, a Belgian Jewess by birth, and an actress (or something equally undesirable) by profession. A daughter was born of this marriage, and the mother soon afterwards died. Some three or four years later the father and widower addressed a long letter to Lord Castlemere, setting forth his inability to bring up and

educate the child in a manner befitting its name, and requesting that it might be allowed a home at Castlemere.

Now, it was not on the face of it likely that this proposition would be entertained; nevertheless, circumstances caused it to meet with favour beyond expectation. For Lord Castlemere's own matrimonial experience had not been a happy one. His wife had lately died, after bearing him three children, one of whom was still-born, while the other two were victims of an epidemic; her ability to promote connubial felicity had not been in other respects noticeable; and it had even been hinted that her husband had found her a very difficult person to get on with. At all events, the noble household was now somewhat forlorn, and the idea of having a little girl to cheer it up was therefore not so unwelcome as it might otherwise have been. Lord Castlemere wrote that he would take the child upon the following conditions: that if, at the expiration of a year, she had not proved herself available, she was to be returned to her father; that if, on the contrary, she did prove available, she was to be regarded as the adopted daughter and heiress of the family (in default of direct heirs), and finally, that the father was in that case to abandon all present and future claim to her, under penalty of forfeiting his present allowance. To these conditions, after some demurs and modifications, the father assented; and little Madeleine made her appearance at Castlemere. A very odd little creature she was; but not so impracticable as might have been supposed, and with an evident capacity for receiving cultivation and ideas. In fact, there was a great deal of the innate lady in her, which Lord Castlemere put to the credit of the Vivian blood; there were also symptoms of eccentricity, or something strange and unusual, which he laid to the account of her mother, and intended to educate out of his little niece. Before the probationary year had expired, Miss Made-

leine Vivian had not only secured her permanent footing in the household, but she had become the idol of its master, and there was nothing he would not do for her; and she had achieved this conquest (in so far as it was explicable at all), far less by virtue of her Vivianship than by that very eccentricity or independent flavour of character which he had purposed to eradicate. Her whims and fantastical perversity were his delight, and he would allow no one to thwart her. On her side, she did not betray any ardour of affection for him, and made him feel the weight of her resentment whenever anything happened to displease her; at the same time she never expressed any wish to go back to her father, or solicitude for his welfare, and in the course of a few years it was plain that she had forgotten all about him. She would not, however, save occasionally, and as a special favour, call Lord Castlemere "father," though it was his desire that she should habitually do so; she seemed quite able and willing to dispense with parents altogether. No little lady of under ten years of age in England was more mistress of herself, and all around her, than was the little lady of Castlemere.

It was about this period that some signs of feebleness in Lord Castlemere's bodily condition compelled him to face the possibility of having to leave his barony and the world, and explore a wholly unknown and presumably different sphere of life. His physicians told him that he might last as long as anybody; but that Providence might be so inconsiderate as to remove him at any time with little or no warning. Meditating upon this contingency, his lordship was naturally led to discuss with himself the future disposal of his great estates; and the more he thought about the matter, the more unsettled and vacillating did his mind become.

The position in which he stood was something like this. The Castlemere estates, during the last four hundred

years, had descended from father to eldest son, the supply of direct male heirs having been equal to the demand throughout that long period. In the event, however, of the failure of such heirs, the estates might be alienated, or disposed of as the holder saw fit. Now, the present baron was the first of his line to whom this unwelcome privilege would seem to have accrued. He had no son by Lady Castlemere; and assuming this to mean that he had no son at all, it is evident that he might devise his property to whomsoever he pleased. It was no less evident that he would have most indulged his own inclinations by constituting Madeleine his sole heir; and so he would have done, but for two considerations. The first was, that Madeleine's father was extremely likely to survive his elder brother; and this detrimental father would be certain to prey and fatten upon the property so soon as the daughter became the owner of it. She might be legally restrained from making it or any part of it bodily over to him; but she could not be prevented from giving him money to any amount, and the hospitality of bed and board. There was no doubt, in short, that this reputable clergyman would make a bee-line for Castlemere the moment the present lord of it was dead; and then, unless Madeleine were different from the generality of daughters, the result would be practically the same as if he, and not Madeleine, had been the devisee. Some expedient for the mitigation of this nuisance might perhaps be hit upon, but there was no complete safeguard against it; and it formed the sole objection to the heirship of Madeleine which Lord Castlemere (but for the second of the two considerations mentioned above) would have admitted.

What, then, was this second consideration? That was the very question which suggested itself to the mind of M. Jacques Malgrè when the gentleman sitting opposite him got to this point of his story. Whatever it was,

it had been powerful enough to induce him to relinquish his insular comforts for a time, and to retrace with his adopted daughter the unsuspected footsteps of his youth.

# CHAPTER IX.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. AUGUSTINE : A CONFESSION : PRECEDED BY A PAIR OF OLD DUELLING-PISTOLS : A BUNDLE OF DOCUMENTS : A PARTING : AND A CLOUDY SKY.

IF the reader has got the measure of Lord Castlemere's character from such hints of it as were conveyed in the last chapter, he will not be unprepared for something, the discovery of which took M. Jacques (whose estimate of human nature was perhaps less charitable than it might have been) entirely by surprise. For some unexplained reason, men are fond of appearing consistent, even in their iniquities : if they have acquired, whether deservedly or not, a reputation for a certain quality of behaviour, they will take a pride in acting up to that reputation ; or in representing themselves to have acted up to it, if by chance a spasm of good sense or conscience should have induced them to act otherwise. Saint Augustine, speaking of that interesting period of his life when he was a dissipated young fellow about town, says that he occasionally used to boast himself to his companions of excesses which he had never committed : and if the fact of his not having committed them were found out, he would feel ashamed. The saint appears to think that this was exceptionally bad conduct on his part ; whereas had he been half as inquisitive about other men's souls as about his own, a suspicion might have dawned upon him that he was not the only fool who had fallen into the same folly. Now, Lord Castlemere had long ago recognised the inadequacy of Shelley to be his guide and philosopher ; nevertheless, the Shelley phase of his life bore to him, in the retrospect, a certain completeness and raciness of aspect which

even his regenerate era was loth to detract from. The episode of his connection with Annette, and their flight to America, was not only the most romantic episode of his career, but (assuming Shelley to have been the defier of all laws human and Divine that his age popularly believed him to be) it was the most Shelley-like : and if any one had had the hardihood to throw doubts upon the sincerity—while it lasted—of Lord Castlemere's Shelleyism, his lordship, if he had not been tongue-tied by other considerations, would have been apt to repel the insinuation by a reference to this ill-advised and tragic adventure. And yet no one was so well aware as Lord Castlemere that if the whole truth were known, he would appear in a much less lurid, and more commonplace and respectable, light.

The affair was, indeed, bad enough at its best ; but the badness was of a weak and timid, not of a bold and satanic type. Lord Castlemere had kept his secret well during all these years ; but it may be doubted whether he would have been quite so reticent had the truth been of a more frankly damning nature than it was. Men are more afraid of the charge of weakness than of the conviction of sin : the reason perhaps being that weakness would be sin if it dared ; and that its forbearance is due rather to an awe of society, than to the love of good. When, therefore, M. Jacques Malgrè asked Lord Castlemere why he had taken the trouble to come to America to make inquiries about an illegitimate child, who could only inherit by a special dispensation of the law in his favour!—his lordship coloured and hesitated.

The old Frenchman resumed : " I will now admit to you, M. le Baron, that a child of yours exists, and that he has had the shelter of my roof, whenever he required it, from the time of his birth. But what is that to you ? You know him not ; you have no love for him, nor he for you. Why do you wish to force upon him a fortune which he cannot claim, and

which he would never miss? Give it rather to this adopted daughter of yours, for whom you have an affection; and leave my grandson and me unbound by any—obligations!" To the last word M. Malgrè lent an emphasis of elaborate sarcasm, as if to remind himself as well as the Baron that there was no peace between them.

"But I suppose you love your grandson?" the Baron said, not noticing the satire otherwise than by an uneasy movement in his chair. "He is not too old to receive an education to fit him for as great a career as any man could hope for. Come, monsieur, do not let your resentment against me prejudice his best interests. Remember that he is Annette's son as well as mine."

"I have never forgotten it, M. le Baron," the Frenchman replied, grimly; "and both he and I have suffered for it. Had he been her child only, or hers by an honest marriage, I would have loved him with my best love. But at the moment when I would have embraced him for her sake, the thought of him who destroyed her rose in my heart, and told me that this boy had in his veins the blood of the seducer as well as of the victim. Many a time, monsieur, I could have strangled him with one hand, while I gave him my heart with the other!" As he said this, the old man's eyes shone strangely. "It is a devilish thing that you have done," he continued in a more passionate key. "You have mixed love and hate together in the person of an innocent child! You have poisoned all that should have made my old age serene and happy! There is no sweeter thing than to teach the child you love what may make him wise and strong: but when I would do this, I thought 'Shall I do good to the son of my enemy?' and I said I would not. Often I have spoken cruel words to him—he knew not what they meant; but they have turned him away from me; I shall end my life here alone! And now you come to offer him wealth and a name—the

name of him who was his mother's ruin!" Here the Frenchman stood up, confronting the other with an air of stern and formal dignity. "M. le Baron de Castlemere," he said, "I do not accept your offer. It is not by the gift of money and rank that you can atone for this wrong. But if you wish to give my grandson to me, with your part in him wiped out, so that I may take him to my breast, and feel that he is all mine—then monsieur, do me the favour first to take this pistol." He held an old-fashioned duelling-pistol towards Lord Castlemere as he spoke, retaining the mate to it in his other hand. "This is not the place nor the country, monsieur," he added, "where the etiquette of an affair like this can be observed. But it is enough for honour that we face each other here alone, with no advantage on either side. Since fourteen years I have kept these weapons, in the hope that a day would come to use them. If you prefer it, M. le Baron, we will stand outside the house; though this room appears to me very suitable. You yourself shall give the word . . ."

For the first time during the interview the Englishman smiled. It was not so much that he was amused by the stiff and antique courtesy with which the Frenchman ornamented his deadly proposal; or that the absurdity of this method of recompensing poor M. Malgrè for the sufferings which he had caused him, was especially present to his mind. But he felt the relief of a man not subject to bodily fear, at having the strain shifted from the mental to the physical region of sensation. Any man can take a bullet: the process is a simple one and quickly performed; and certainly the wound does not rankle so long or so virulently as many a tongue-driven missile may do. It is even possible that Lord Castlemere may have been tempted for a moment to do as M. Malgrè suggested; to those coloured with a morbid genius for moral casuistry, the rough and ready way, when it presents itself, may offer almost irresistible

allurements. But a second thought controlled this impulse.

"I cannot consent to run the risk of taking your life, monsieur," he said, putting the pistol down on the table; "but after I have told you of something of which you seem to have no suspicion, I shall not object to your pistolling me if you choose: so far as I can see I might as well come to an end now as any time."

"What have you to tell me, milord?" the other demanded, with an accent of anxiety in his voice, though his demeanour was almost unchanged.

"Your daughter was married to me; she was my lawful wife, and our son is the legitimate heir of Castlemere," replied his lordship, speaking rapidly and breathing short. Then he got up from his chair and leaned with his hand upon the back of it.

The Frenchman's face puckered up, a tremor passed through his body; for several moments he seemed unable to use his voice. When at length it came it had a shrill, pitiless sound.

"What you tell me is not true," he began. "You said it because you were afraid—bah! no—— But you were jesting, monsieur: in pity give me the assurance that you were jesting! Body of God! it cannot be true!"

"Are you sorry to learn that your daughter's honour was pure, M. Malgrè?" the Englishman inquired, curiously. "Here is the certificate of our marriage, signed and dated at Paris on the day previous to our starting for Havre."

He took a bundle of papers from his pocket, and selecting one from amongst them handed it to the Frenchman, who glanced at it, and let it fall on the table. He then moved to his chair in a tottering way, and slouched down into it, like a man whose stamina has gone from him. He sat with his arms lying nervelessly in front of him on the table, and a piteous contraction of the brow and fall of the mouth.

Lord Castlemere, having had in view his own attitude in the matter

rather than Annette's, had anticipated an outburst against his long-sustained suppression of the fact, and perhaps some fierce reflections on the risk he had run of committing bigamy. The truth was, however, that M. Malgrè was not thinking of his lordship at all, and was profoundly indifferent as to the nature or degree of his moral obliquity. The sole subject of the old man's thoughts, and that which crushed him down, was the wretched and irrevocable injustice that he himself had done his daughter's memory ever since her death. He had cursed her and denied her all forgiveness, and all the while she had been innocent. He had cast her out from his heart as a dishonour to his name, and she had not dishonoured it. He had made her son the scapegoat of his baffled resentment, when the boy should have been the sweet consolation of his loss. Finally, he had brought himself to be a poor, spiteful recluse and exile, at odds with the world, and living only in the vague hope of wreaking a fruitless revenge; and now, at the moment when he fancied the revenge was within his grasp, the substance of it vanished into thin air. All this was a terrible blow to M. Malgrè, and left him no stomach for scolding. "Annette! Annette! Annette!" was the remorseful burden of his soul. He thought of her grave, over which his insane pride had suffered him to put no loving inscription, nor to visit it save by stealth and empty handed; and of the room in which she died—but of that he scarcely dared to think. The vital and characteristic part of the man wandered apart in these forlorn musings; and so much as remained to listen to Lord Castlemere was meek and pliable to excess. As for the pistols, they had become unknown instruments, relics of some forgotten age. Forgotten, too, was the presence, on the other side of the partition dividing the study from the adjoining room, of the reverend gentleman with his black eyebrows and whiskers, who evinced such a lively desire to get the future John,



fourteenth Baron Castlemere, out of the way. And yet the partition was rather a thin one.

"Well, then," said his lordship (who had previously said several other things, which M. Malgrè had heard, perhaps, but without comprehending them), "I will see the boy in your presence to-morrow morning. With this certificate of marriage, and the certificate of the child's birth, which you have, his identity is sufficiently established."

"Yes, yes; no—assuredly," murmured M. Malgrè. "Here is the paper of his birth, monsieur; I always carry it about with me: accept it, monsieur. Yes—yes; to-morrow."

"In order to put the matter beyond suspicion," Lord Castlemere continued, "I had a will drawn up—two wills, in fact. Here they are. The first, as you see, is drawn in favour of my niece and adopted daughter, Madeleine. It was to be used in case no direct heir should be forthcoming, and provides for her inheriting the estates on the completion of her twenty-first year. This second instrument—which, as you see, is dated one month later than the first—gives the property to my son in due succession, subject to a lien thereon to the amount of one thousand per annum to Madeleine during her life. It was my hope that the two might marry, but nothing of that kind is here suggested, lest by seeming to force their inclination we should discourage it. You understand me, M. Malgrè?"

"Assuredly, monsieur; we should discourage it."

"Well, I will leave all the papers with you, for you to look over at your leisure. I confess, M. Malgrè, that I should have preferred to see this property go unreservedly to my niece, in spite of the drawbacks attending her tenure; but I could not face the possibility of her title being hereafter challenged: and besides—I did not

wish to add wrong to wrong. This affair has caused me great anxiety and unhappiness from the beginning."

His lordship hesitated, as if he had other words to say, but the Frenchman was so plainly not interested in his confessions that he changed his mind. Upon the whole he was not sorry that the other's preoccupation prevented him from appreciating the rather feeble and ineffective figure which he was himself conscious of cutting. And this was the end of fourteen years of secret humiliation and suspense on one side, and of corroding rage and gratuitous misanthropy on the other!

"I will take my leave of you for the present, M. Malgrè," Lord Castlemere said, turning to the door. "To-morrow we will settle what remains of this affair. I think my little girl is up stairs, monsieur," he added abruptly, turning again and holding out his hand; "don't you think that, after all, we might become friends?"

"Assuredly, M. le Baron—to-morrow!" returned the Frenchman, not changing his expression or moving from his place.

So the two men parted without having shaken hands. In the passage Lord Castlemere called to his niece, and she came down, with her squirrel under her arm; she had made better friends with it than her uncle had done with M. Malgrè, and would not be parted from it. His lordship bent down and kissed her on the forehead, then they went out of the house hand in hand.

Two or three minutes afterwards a burly, black-garmented figure issued from the doorway, glanced to the right and left, and then went hastily down the lane in the same direction that the two others had taken. The easterly breeze had driven a flock of clouds across the sky, and it was already quite dark.

*(To be continued.)*



## ENGLISH CHURCH COURTS AND PRIMITIVE RITUAL.

THERE are times when personal experiences may be appealed to without egotism, and studied, for the position they are intended to illustrate, with profit. On this ground I venture to ask all who may be interested in the subject now engaging the attention of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission to bear with me while I recall my own, which I can do briefly by referring to a pamphlet published by me some twelve years back, entitled *The Roman Index and its Late Proceedings*.<sup>1</sup> Those proceedings were the occasion of my quitting the Roman Communion, after having joined it in mature life, continued in it fifteen years, and witnessed its workings in a host of countries besides my own. True, they were neither novel nor peculiar in my case; but, till then, I distrusted the account given of them in books as being ingrained with prejudice. Brought face to face with them, I found it only too true. It was the ordinary way in which business of that kind is transacted in, what is called at Rome, the Congregation of the Holy Office, but what is better known to the outside world as the Court of the Inquisition; and it was the first of its kind there, as these few words from Morone will show: "In the early part of the sixteenth century, the portentous errors of the heretics Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, and others having led to the institution of the *Congregation of the Holy Office* by Paul III., and to its revision and enlargement under successive popes, the other Congregations of Cardinals were organised on its model."<sup>2</sup>

Such, then, is the alternative between England and Rome, so far as existing courts are concerned. I will now recapitulate what the

action of Rome was in my case. Two volumes of mine were placed on the index of proscribed books in December, 1868. I was neither informed of what was in contemplation, nor of the fact. I am unaware to this day who delated them. I was never confronted with my accusers, nor with my judges, nor with the passages in either volume considered unsound. The first thing Archbishop Manning was careful to tell me about them, on my applying to him, was, that he had never read them himself. Yet they had been out and in circulation no less than two years in England previously to their condemnation. Doubtless it was my recent letter to him<sup>3</sup> that had prompted their condemnation. But, again, that letter was not condemned by him till two months later, when he was away from his flock in Rome, taking counsel, as he had the goodness to inform me, with four theologians on the spot, whom he will not name. I should be curious to have the canon pointed out to me countenancing a judicial process of this kind, and imposing loss of communion in the event of its sentence being disregarded. I could point out at least a score which it insults and tramples under foot.

At the same time, *personally*, let me not omit to say, there was nothing, or next to nothing, in the conduct of Archbishop Manning of which any reasonable man could complain. Though he had learnt to pronounce Latin as an Italian, he made you feel, thanks to his bringing up, that he had still the feelings of an Englishman smouldering in the depths of his heart. I am persuaded he would have accorded me very different treatment, even officially, had he been his own master. But what could he do? When he had strained every point to come to

<sup>1</sup> London: J. T. Hayes.

<sup>2</sup> *Dis. Stor. Eccles.* xvi. 142.

<sup>3</sup> *The Church's Creed, or the Crown's Creed.*

a settlement with me, and I with him, he found himself thwarted all of a sudden by a miserable Monsignore—of whose doings, in public and private life, the less said the better for his superiors—in whose person Rome quashed our negotiations, and by stepping in between us set me free. Never shall I cease to be thankful for that unrighteous act—that act which enabled me with a good conscience to emancipate myself from a system that I had found on full experience to be completely delusive: just as full of blemishes, and distortions, and corruptions, as our forefathers had painted it ages ago; falsifying, in fact, almost every pretension it affected itself, or its proselytisers claimed for it; with unity largely dependent on tyranny for its maintenance, and a blind to any amount of heartburnings and internecine strife behind the scenes; with moral appearances largely dependent on secrecy, and truth played fast and loose with in every possible way for palliating, advancing, or saving the system. All these discoveries made me rejoice over the unrighteous act that set me free, and enabled me to return to my old home, a wiser, but not by any means a sadder man. I had known Rome now, once for all.

The Vicar-General of the Archbishop had already prepared me for this *finale*, by explaining that the Roman Catholic bishops had not yet got the *forum externum* accorded them in this country by Rome, though he hoped they would soon. Anglo-Romans were thus no better off under the *hierarchy* than they had been under vicars apostolic in former times, of whom Mr. Berington, himself subject to their pretended jurisdiction, says in his history, "So entire is their dependence on the Roman court, that the *placita Curie Romanæ* are the sole rule of their conduct."<sup>1</sup> Open trial in an English court of justice, be it even the Court of Arches as now constituted, is surely preferable to that alternative.

But let us cross the Channel, and

<sup>1</sup> P. 461.

see whether we shall not find ourselves better off there. It was crossing the Channel that took me to Rome, *vid France*. Things were certainly better in France when I first set foot in it; but what have they since become? I can depose personally likewise to this point. The man who perhaps had most to do with my joining the Church of Rome—whose abilities and acquirements commanded my admiration, whose character won my love, whose fate brings tears to my eyes—Père Gratry, of the French Oratory—what was his fate, soon after my own breach with Rome? He was hounded to death for daring to speak the truth on a great crisis, as I had done when minds, though excited, were less vindictive. The *semblance* of a *forum externum*, which then existed in France, stood him in less good stead than its absence in England had me. But even then it was a semblance, not a reality. Practically the ecclesiastical courts, answering to our own, had ceased to exist in France with the eighteenth century. "They were swept away, all of them, by the Revolution," says the Vicar-General of the Bishop of Soissons, M. Lequeux. "In that sense we construe the law of 11th September, 1790, which, with all the civil tribunals of the old *régime*, abolished the officials of the ecclesiastical courts too. . . . Nothing indeed forbids the existence of Church courts for strictly Church suits." But "the secular power neither recognises them nor entertains their sentences."<sup>2</sup>

The Concordat of 1801 between Napoleon I. and Pope Pius VII., far from restoring Church government, established Ultramontanism in France. It was thus summarised by M. Ollivier only three years ago<sup>3</sup>:—"L'article 2 déclare qu'il sera fait par le Saint Siège, de concert avec le Gouvernement, une nouvelle circonscription des diocèses français. Pour le faciliter,

<sup>2</sup> *Manual. Jur. Canon.* i. 477; and iii. 55. Paris: Leroux, 1850.

<sup>3</sup> *L'Eglise et l'État au Concile du Vatican.* Paris: Garnier Frères, 1879, vol. i.; 111-12.

l'article 3 demande aux titulaires des évêchés abolis le sacrifice de leurs sièges. S'ils le refusent, par un coup d'autorité sans précédent, et que l'ultramontain le plus extrême n'aurait osé conseiller, ils seront privés de leurs sièges sans jugement canonique: tout exercice de quelque juridiction que ce soit leur sera interdit à perpétuité: ils seront, en un mot, comme des évêques frappés de la deposition. Pouvait-on reconnaître, d'une façon plus explicite, le renversement des anciennes circonscriptions ecclésiastiques?" It was thus that the episcopate was itself treated in the Concordat. From the same writer we learn the effects of the organic articles by which it was followed upon the inferior clergy. "Toutes les usurpations, et tous les abus de pouvoir se trouvent réunis dans les dispositions relatives au clergé du second ordre. Ce malheureux clergé est dépouillé des diverses garanties que lui assurait le droit canonique, établi par les conciles et par les Papes. . . . Il n'y a réellement plus d'immovibilité pour personne: puisqu'aucune forme judiciaire ne limite plus obligatoirement le pouvoir discretionnaire de l'évêque, qu'il peut toujours, sans avertissement et sans explications, frapper qui il veut et comme il veut, *ex informata conscientia*. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

It is needless to add that the Vatican Council neither did nor aimed at doing anything for the inferior clergy, whether in France or elsewhere. Let me then entreat all earnest English Churchmen once more to look these facts in the face, and not for one moment to lose sight of the old proverb, so relevant to them—

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim."

Open trial in an English court of justice, be it even the Court of Arches as now constituted, is surely preferable to the arbitrary procedure that we find everywhere else.

Time-honoured institutions, such as

<sup>1</sup> *L'Eglise et l'Etat au Concile du Vatican*, pp. 132 and 136.

ours are, thank God, with all their defects and shortcomings, are not lightly to be thrown aside. Let us be thankful, rather, that our Church courts are still what they are, and will still bear remodelling; while not one of the courts answering to them on the Continent have been left standing. The Church courts in France had been dead and buried half a century when the work of reforming our own recommenced within memory. We should limit our demands to what is practical and likely to become permanent. What we want are courts in accord with Church principles, yet suited to the times in which we live; and also courts that will command respect. If it was a *tabula rasa* that we had to work upon and fill up at pleasure, my own aspirations would certainly be for the diocesan and provincial synods of primitive times. Still I can never think of them without being instantly confronted with two questions requiring a straightforward answer—1. How is it that, in spite of the many stringent canons passed for their being held everywhere regularly, year by year, they never could be kept going but by fits and starts, and that there is no nation in Europe now where they are kept going? 2. Who could anticipate their becoming permanent and practical, were they to be revived in this country side by side with Convocation? It seems to me there could not possibly be room for both, and that one must gradually put out the other. It seems further to me that if the Convocations of York and Canterbury could be joined, and meet together in London during the sitting of Parliament regularly for discussion, and had leave from time to time to mature measures that should eventually find their way into Parliament and become law, we should possess all that we needed, and more than we could ever hope to gain by the revival of synods. For even Œcumenical Synods, it must never be forgotten, had to submit their rulings to the Emperor and get them con-

firmed by him, before they could be carried out in any part of his dominions. I think, therefore, that as Convocation has been for so many centuries a recognised institution in this country, and is gaining strength every day, it would not be wise to resuscitate another that has for so long been in abeyance, and might compete with it. If its constitution could be improved without increasing its numbers, there seems no reason to despair of its being made perfect in time.

The fusion of the two metropolitan courts of York and Canterbury was contemplated as far back as 1830, though the manner in which it was carried out at last has greatly prejudiced its acceptance. But consider it apart from the Act of Parliament that achieved it, and a great deal may be said in its favour. As this has been attempted at some length in a recent pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> a very few words will suffice for that purpose now. The Court of Arches, as the new court is still called, had its origin, together with all its subordinates, in a charter of William the Conqueror, and it owes its name to the first church in London built on arches of stone in his reign. That charter of the First William decreeing its foundation should be read side by side with the commission of the first year of the Fourth William recommending its present amalgamation. Both were strictly constitutional acts of the sovereign, after counsel taken with his recognised advisers in Church and State; one founding, the other remodelling the same courts, and in perfect accord, so far as principles are concerned, with each other. There is no claim set up in either, on the part of the Crown, to convey spiritual jurisdiction; but only to prescribe the conditions and define the limits of its exercise by those who are subjects of the Crown within its own territory. The Conqueror issued his charter with the consent of his archbishops, bishops, abbots, and all the great men of his

kingdom; the sailor-king issued his commission with the consent of his Parliament, consisting of ten eminent civilians, of whom the Dean of the Court of Arches was one, and of six bishops, at the head of whom was the Primate. Previously to the Conquest, in Anglo-Saxon times, the bishop administered justice side by side with the ealdorman in the Court of the Hundred. The effect of the charter was to give the bishops separate courts of their own; the effect of the commission was merely to centralise those same courts. What had been established by the Crown might surely, without any departure from principle, be consolidated and reformed by the Crown. The bishops were subjects of the Crown, and their courts, though Church courts in their intrinsic character, were Crown courts in their foundation and limitations from the very first, as now.

So far as their administration is concerned, there were two matters, certainly not contemplated at their foundation, which were left untouched at their reform—1, the principle of delegacy, which is still recognised in them; and 2, the practice of appeals outside them, which is still allowed. For both, the Pre-reformation ages are responsible, not the Reformation. I must say a few words on each head.

The principle of delegacy was a received maxim in canon law, though not, of course, without its limitations. But there were many canonists in the middle ages who maintained that bishops might even delegate laymen to act for them in their diocesan courts; and an Ultramontane canonist of our own times, M. Bouix, whose work bears the *imprimatur* of Rome, though he tells us the received opinion is: "Ab aliis ordinariis delegari nequit, nisi clericus," adds: "A Papâ delegari potest etiam laicus. Ita unanimiter doctores, ob plenitudinem nempe Pontificie potestatis."<sup>2</sup> He had previously made this admission:

<sup>1</sup> *The Crown and the Mitre*. London: Longmans and Co., 1881.

<sup>2</sup> *Tract. de Jud.* i. 147. Paris: Lecoffre, 1855.

"*Laicus non est jure Divino inhabilis ad cognoscenda spiritualia*; si id agat, non proprio, sed alieno nomine."<sup>1</sup> Consequently, King Henry VIII. and his successors, in permitting our bishops to employ laymen for their delegates, only granted them the same liberty that was universally claimed for the Pope. That the principle was a radically vicious one has been proved by experience both abroad and at home; still, not at home more so than abroad; nor when a layman acted for the bishop than when a simple clerk.

The *cacoethes* of appealing, again, was another malpractice which originated with Rome. It was based on the Sardinian canons, whose spuriousness has lately been acknowledged by Rome for the same reason, doubtless, that influenced Pius VI.<sup>2</sup> to say of the false decretals of his early predecessors: "Burn them all if you will," as never likely to need them in support of her claims again. The common law of the Church in primitive times, as testified in genuine canons without end, was, that all disputes should be terminated by the local authorities on the spot, or by a general council. And it was not till appeals to Rome had become a national pest in this country that the Crown instituted a court of its own, to which, "*for lack of justice* in any of the courts of the archbishops of this realm, it should be lawful for the parties aggrieved to appeal." Whatever evils have ensued in practice, therefore, from the establishment of the Court of Delegates by Henry VIII., or that of the Privy Council, its hereditary successor, have been entailed on us by the gross corruptions and perversions of Church discipline—not merely countenanced, but abetted in this country by Rome between the Conquest and the Reformation. It was from Rome that the principle of delegacy was imported by our ancestors; it was from Rome that they learnt to be dissatisfied with the de-

cisions of their metropolitan courts, and to appeal thither for ecclesiastical justice.

But what was usurpation and lawlessness in Rome, was high prerogative in the Crown. The Crown had a duty to perform by the meanest of its subjects when lack of justice was complained of. It was bound to take cognisance of their alleged wrongs, and, when proved, to see them redressed. The even-handed administration of justice is among the brightest of all the jewels in the British Crown; and no good Churchman could wish its lustre dimmed or diminished, as it would be, were miscarriages of justice permitted to pass in Church courts without remedy; particularly those which involve loss of board and bread. All victims of such miscarriages in any court of the realm have plainly the right of going to the Crown for a remedy; and the Crown is bound to provide them one within its own competency, yet leaving them free to avail themselves of it, or not, at all times as they please. They should never be forced to appeal against their will. I call especial attention to this principle, which we find distinctly recognised in every Act of Parliament making provision for a final court of appeal in ecclesiastical suits. If Churchmen can settle their disputes in the ecclesiastical courts, so much the better. They are not obliged, not invited, not encouraged, to bring them before the final court. The final court is far from being established to promote litigation. Then take the obligations into consideration which the canons lay upon Churchmen. If we were true Churchmen, we should never appeal to the civil power in matters which our bishops and archbishops are the proper persons to decide for us. Deposition was the penalty decreed against all clergy who did this in primitive times. It might prove a salutary check on litigation if our bishops were to declare them incapable of promotion in our own. The Crown cannot of course refuse to hear appeals if they are made.

<sup>1</sup> *Tract. de Jud.*, p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> *Resp. ad Metrop. Mogunt. &c.* A most rare volume. C. viii. § 4, n. 100.



So much for delegacies and appeals in the abstract. Take them as they exist in the concrete with us, and I think, with a very few changes, the crucial objections to both will disappear. The amalgamation of the provincial courts of York and Canterbury was recommended by the Commissioners of 1830, as I have said. It was in evident contemplation fifteen years later, as section 3 of c. 38 of 6 and 7 Victoria plainly shows. It was carried out in 1874, the appointment of the new judge being vested in the two metropolitans, subject to the approval of the Queen. His qualifications are scarcely so high as they should be, and might be raised with advantage. But he must sign a declaration of membership in the Church of England before entering upon office, and should he ever recede from it he thereby vacates his post. Now as it has happened, actually within memory, that a judgment issued from the Court of Arches to which the metropolitans of both provinces were opposed, it would be easy to correct this glaring anomaly by reviving 24 Hen. VIII. c. xii. 23, where provision is made for appeal "from the said Court of Arches, even to the archbishop of the same province, there to be definitively and finally determined, without any other or further process or appeal thereupon to be had or sued." This, if it were re-enacted, would have the effect of making each archbishop the final appeal in his own province—an arrangement with which every clergyman ought in conscience to rest content; as it would be really the Church discipline of Nicene times restored.

I pass on to the Privy Council with its Judicial Committee, now constituting our final appeal. "The Privy Council," say the Commissioners of 1830, "being composed of lords spiritual and temporal, the judges in equity, the chiefs of the common law courts, the judges of the civil law courts, and other persons of legal education and habits, who have filled judicial situations,

seems to *comprise the materials* of a most perfect tribunal for deciding the appeals in question." What honest Englishman could except to the opinion which is here formed of it? And its Judicial Committee, fairly selected, would always be the court of all others most likely to command respect in cases where, for lack of justice elsewhere, the Crown was invoked to intervene. Then, as the Judge of the Court of Arches has long been a layman with the full consent of the Church of England, it is not for English Churchmen to object that the lay element in the Judicial Committee disqualifies it from dealing with ecclesiastical suits. The Crown has, surely, more right to delegate laymen to act for it than the Mitre. The sole restrictions that we could ask for, in fairness, are these:—1. That no appeal should be permitted to the Judicial Committee from either the Church courts or the archbishops, except where loss of temporalities has been incurred by deprivation; and 2, that when it has to deal with such cases, it should consist of members of the Church of England exclusively, and of lay and spiritual judges in equal numbers. Such power of composition is already vested in the Crown.

I come, lastly, to the question of procedure, which to my mind is, and should be deemed, the crying grievance. It seems to me that the whole procedure laid down in the Public Worship Act should be cancelled, and that of the Church Discipline Act revised and supplemented in a way to cover all breaches of Church law of every kind. With a very few changes this Act might be made perfect. In its general conception, it is quite consistent with primitive practice.

Into the melancholy disputes and law-suits which have led to the Commission now sitting, it is not my intention to be drawn away from my own proper subject. My object in coming forward is not to sit in judgment on what has occurred, but to suggest remedies for the future. Much, too much, has



occurred which everybody that has the best interests of the Church of England at heart, as I have profoundly, must deplore, and would give worlds to heal. For to anybody who will consider what is going on round him, abroad and at home, dispassionately, it must be self-evident to what extent the hopes of Christendom are concentrated in the preservation from disintegration, not of England merely, but of its National Church. With all its defects, shortcomings, and anomalies, the Church of England is positively the only Church left in the old world of anything like primitive mould and historic life, with anything like freedom of speech and thought, with anything like moral power and hold on society, with anything like the varied learning and intelligence, with anything like the constitutional government, the open trial, the fair tribunal, the impartial administration of justice to all comers alike, that characterised the Church of the Fathers. Neither disputes, nor miscarriages of justice, nor errors, nor even abuses in practice were unknown in their days any more than in our own; but the settled object of all their laws, as of ours, was to be just to everybody; and of all their institutions, to ally the profession of religion by all with moral purity, and liberty of conscience with order.

But to preserve the Church of England from disintegration, external remedies alone plainly will not suffice; for the under-current has to be studied as well as the ripple. The causes of litigation lie far too deep below the surface to be assuaged by remodelled tribunals, or the substitution of one judge, or of one procedure, for another. Suits would follow on suits just as rapidly, and with just as unsatisfactory results as before, were the root of the evil to be left untouched. We must not think that beating about the bush will restore peace. The celebrated Rubric on which so much argument has been expended for ascertaining its true force, contains a distinct reference by implication to something

else *besides* ornaments. It refers to that Prayer-book of Edward VI. which was authorised in the second year of his reign. This is well known as his first Prayer-book; and if I may judge of the feelings of those who lay most stress on that rubric by my own, it is for permission to use this Prayer-book, a hundred times more than all the ornaments prescribed in it, that they yearn. It is, in effect, my own case over again; but I am much better acquainted with the merits of this Prayer-book now than I was formerly. Let me speak on this point without reserve. Let me confess my mistakes, and how I came to see through them. What attracted me to Rome formerly was the Roman missal, and nothing else. It was not the gorgeous or the musical accompaniments of High Mass, but the Mass-book itself. I stated this at some length in a pamphlet just twenty-five years ago. Transubstantiation, indeed, I never could get over; but it was not written there. I pronounced the word, on being assured it pledged me to no more than a distinct acceptance of the doctrine of the Real Presence—a doctrine which had been mine from childhood—and in this assurance I rested for a length of time; till, on re-reading the points at issue between the Latin and Greek Churches attentively, doubts of the two doctrines being identic were started, though I had not leisure to pursue them farther just then. An opportunity presented itself, however, before long on my being asked for a paper on the "Eucharist" by Dr. Smith for his *Biographical Dictionary*. I resolved on doing full justice to truth in this article, so far as its limits would permit. What was my surprise, then, when on comparing the Roman missal carefully, bit by bit, with the various liturgies which it has either displaced—but of which tell-tale fragments remain—or is still opposing, I found it was by no means the venerable, immaculate landmark of primitive belief in its present form, that it had

appeared to me to be years ago, but a deceptive composite: again and again altered irregularly by those who should have maintained it intact, to meet the requirements of a doctrine based on counterfeit works of the Fathers, but opposed diametrically to their teaching, and from which it is even clear from their teaching they would have recoiled with horror. The fact is, this missal is just of a piece with what inquiry shows everything else to be, that is distinctively Roman, and tends to the exaltation of Rome, viz., that when its sources have been unravelled and laid bare, they are found invariably to consist of spurious documents, interpolated or distorted passages, or passages construed apart from their context, and giving colour to the false conclusions of which she has been in uninterrupted possession so long that she can pass them off still, authenticated as they have been many times over by her supreme heads, upon her much-enduring children, and pledge them to their acceptance as part and parcel of her Apostolic heirloom.

Now, without going into theological disquisitions of any kind, but keeping to what is matter of pure history throughout, the facts of the case are simply these. Transubstantiation, which has become the distinctive teaching of the Church of Rome, cannot be found in any genuine work that has come down to us before the eleventh century. The first authorities for it are spurious homilies, treatises, or interpolations which began to be current about that time. Up to that time what is called the doctrine of the Real Presence—a doctrine quite distinct from transubstantiation, as will presently be made patent—had been the teaching of the Universal Church; and up to that time, or very nearly till then, there had been a prayer in every known liturgy throughout the Christian world—as there still is in every known Eastern liturgy—which has always gone by the name of the “Prayer of Invocation,” in other words, a

prayer addressed to the Father to send down the Holy Ghost from heaven, to make the Eucharist on its consecration what His Son had pronounced it to be at its institution. Whether the words used by Christ in instituting it were repeated after or before this prayer in every known liturgy likewise during the same period, is a point far more difficult to substantiate for certain either way than most people suppose; but we need not stop to discuss it here. What I maintain—and can maintain *as a matter of fact*—is, that the very first writer who bears explicit testimony to their present position in the Roman liturgy, and ascribes the effect now ascribed to them, on their being pronounced by the priest, is Amalarius, a liturgical writer of the ninth century, patronised by the Emperor Lewis, to whom his work is dedicated, but what rank he held in the Church is uncertain. How are we to explain the fact that a doctrine so portentous should have been overlooked for more than eight centuries, and then proclaimed to the Western world by a writer so obscure? It is explained in his work, which, being a running commentary, paragraph by paragraph, on the Roman Mass-book as it stood in his day, and no reference, direct or indirect, being made by him to the Prayer of Invocation, that prayer must have been expunged from the Roman Liturgy by then. And yet down to his time, and in many Western Churches long after his time, not only can no traces of his teaching be found in any writing of an authentic character that has come down to us, but in all, without exception, the teaching is that of the Universal Church, when that prayer was in every liturgy, and in use by all Churches alike, proving that its disuse was a necessary prelude to the doctrine which has since obtained—besides accounting for the cognate fact, that in the East, where this prayer has never ceased to be used, transubstantiation is as unknown, practically, still, as if it never had been main-

tained, except where intrigues have gained for it a nominal footing, backed by Western influence.

Thus the historical argument, briefly recapitulated, amounts to this—as long as the descent of the Holy Ghost was everywhere invoked in consecrating the Eucharist, the doctrine of the Real Presence was universally taught and held; nor was transubstantiation even known as a speculative tenet in any part of the Church. But wherever His descent ceased to be invoked, as in the West, there transubstantiation became the received, and, in process of time, the normal doctrine; but yet, contemporaneously, never succeeded in making converts to it, except now and then by stealth, in any part of the Church where prayer for the descent of the Holy Ghost continued to be maintained in the liturgy.

Consequently, the plain historical inference *cannot but be*—that the teaching of the Real Presence, and the praying for the descent of the Holy Ghost, are strictly correlatives, and have never ceased to go hand in hand; the prayer explaining the doctrine to the meanest capacity, by making that Presence due to the action of the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, spiritual of necessity; whereas, contrariwise, the preliminary to transubstantiation having been the disuse of this prayer, and transubstantiation itself being ascribed to the act of the priest, no further proof is needed of the chasm separating between it and the doctrine of the Real Presence, nor of its own intrinsic character. One is spiritual, as being founded on the act of God; the other carnal, as being founded on the act of man. The difference is what any child may appreciate; but what must be the responsibilities of a Church that has presumed to abandon one for the other? The Holy Ghost, invoked by the whole Church continuously for eight centuries, to consecrate the elements by descending on them at every celebration of the Eucharist, is no longer invoked in the Roman missal to take

part in any way at its consecration. The profession of a vital doctrine has been expunged from its canon in a way that history must pronounce, conformably with the name given to it in olden time, to be rank heresy. It has been pointed out in a pamphlet lately published by Messrs. Longmans on Consecration,<sup>1</sup> how completely Calvin was at one with the Fathers on this point; and with what trenchant vigour it was maintained by him in exposing the subtleties of consubstantiation and transubstantiation alike.

This fact alone disposes of the supposition that Calvin had any hand in revising the Prayer-book authorised in the second year of the reign of Edward VI., as he most certainly would not have been a party to the excision of that petition for the action of the Holy Ghost in consecrating the Eucharist, which its office for the Supper of the Lord, by whomsoever inspired, revived; and which, though, often as our office has been revised, we still disuse, both the Scotch and American Communion offices have, with far truer instincts, not scrupled to import from it. There is, indeed, great probability that neither its correlation to the primitive doctrine of the Real Presence, nor its irreconcilableness with the mediæval figment of transubstantiation have been hitherto given the full prominence that they should have; but it shall not be my fault if attention is not both awakened to them now, and concentrated on them in future. For it was mainly from my not having had the master-key to the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence put into my hands from childhood, which is supplied in this prayer, and which certainly would not have been wanting to me, had its own force been explained to me by constant use—very different from cursory perusal on paper—that I made that dreary journey to Rome, which cost me fifteen years of the cream of life, and brought me back a weather-beaten

<sup>1</sup> *Consecration, not Transubstantiation*, p. 6 et seq.

soul. Knowing, therefore, by experience, and shuddering over the disasters, which a process so simple as the use of one Reformed liturgy instead of another might have saved me from, I plead with all the fervour at my command for the many more precious souls than mine, that might now be saved that always hazardous, and in my own case profitless, voyage, and confirmed in undisturbed attachment to their mother-Church, by the harmless expedient of legalising, under proper restrictions, the use, by any congregations and ministers conjointly petitioning for it, of the Communion office of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., just as it stands, with all its accompaniments, instead of the revised version of it in our existing Prayer-books. I say, "just as it stands," confident in my ability to prove that it has nothing in it, and orders nothing, that is not strictly primitive—strictly within the period covered by the First Four General Councils, and with all the corruptions and excrescences of later ages carefully weeded out. There it is, ready made to our hands, just as it was penned by the men who laid down their lives in its defence, not needing revision on account of anything it contains—too sacred at this date to be revised by us—authorised ages ago by both Houses of Parliament, by both Convocations, and by the Crown. I add, "with all its accompaniments;" not because ceremonial has any great charms for me, but because the literal fulfilment of the controverted rubric would in this way be made possible for all whose consciences refuse to be satisfied with less. For my own part, its use, without any ceremonial whatsoever, would more than satisfy my deepest instincts; and even for its non-use by myself, should my flock prefer adhering to the form we have so long used, I should feel abundantly compensated, should it be my privilege to have contributed in the smallest degree towards putting others in possession of it, and so far restor-

ing this noblest of our post-Reformation heirlooms to its proper pedestal in the hearts of English Churchmen, as a distinctive witness of their adherence to the true teaching of the Universal Church, and of their entire renunciation of the carnal, uncatholic, and unscriptural fignment that has been so long and so cruelly substituted for it on false pretences in Western Christendom, to the shedding of so much innocent blood.

Should it be objected to this course, that the concurrent use of two Communion offices in the Church of England would necessarily produce confusion, it may be said in reply that I was familiar with the concurrent use of the Gallican and Roman missals in France for above twenty years personally—not but that it commenced long before then—and no confusion arose from it that I can call to mind. It was perfectly well known in what churches or chapels the Roman was used, and people went to them whose proclivities lay in that direction. That was all. As the Vatican council drew near, the Gallican office received a stab in the dark from which it never recovered. I was in Paris when its obsequies took place. At an earlier period I was familiar with the concurrent use of the Scotch and English Communion offices in Scotland, though at that time the Scotch office was being undermined in estimation by the strong feeling that had set in for closer communion with England. The concurrent use of two lectionaries some time back, and of two versions of the Scriptures for some time to come, may surely plead for the concurrent use of two Communion offices, if good results are likely to ensue from it.

For the rest, I mean no disparagement whatever to our existing Communion office, in proposing that its elder sister should divide with it the affectionate hold it has established for itself in all English hearts. Substantially both are equally scriptural, and we cannot say that one contains any-

thing, or that the other omits anything, essential for rejection or profession, so far as the Scriptures are concerned. But judged by the standard of the Primitive Church, there can be no denying that one is in closer accordance with it than the other, and on points which not only touch ritual in a high degree, but the human heart. The human heart, as moulded in some breasts, chafes and repines at the bar placed between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant in celebrating the Sacrament of Communion with Him Who is the Head of both, and Whose Body consists not of the dead, but of the living, "for all live unto Him." No such bar exists in any primitive liturgy that has come down to us. And when we possess a liturgy formed in accordance with primitive liturgies on all these points by our own Reformers, why should any desiring it be denied its use? Nobody could have testified more strongly to the truth of the sacramental doctrine maintained in it than Calvin. On all other points, let us hear, in conclusion, its merits recapitulated by one whose testimony to them is equally beyond suspicion—the historian of Protestantism, Dr. Wylie. Speaking of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., he says: "It was compiled by substantially the same men who had drawn up the Communion Service, and the principal of whom were Cranmer, Ridley, and Goodrich. The breviary and the ancient liturgies were laid under contribution in the formation of the Book of Common Prayer. The Bible is the revelation of God's mind to the Church. Worship is the evolution of the Church's mind Godwards. And on this prin-

ciple was the liturgy of the Church of England compiled. The voice of all preceding ages of the Church was heard in it; the voice of the first age, as also that of the age of Augustine, and of all the succeeding ages including whatever was holy and pure in the Church of the middle ages—all were there, inasmuch as the greatest thoughts and the sublimest expressions of all the noblest minds and grandest eras of the Church were repeated and re-echoed in it. The Book of Common Prayer was presented to Convocation in November, 1548, and having been approved of by that body, was brought into Parliament, and a law was passed on the 31st day of January, 1549, since known as the Act of Uniformity, which declared that the Bishops had now concluded upon one uniform order of Divine worship, and enacted that from the feast of Whit-Sunday next, all Divine offices should be performed according to it. . . . On the 10th of June, being Whit-Sunday, the liturgy was first solemnly performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, and most of the parish churches of England." "The day of Pentecost was fitly chosen," says one, "as that on which a National Church should first return, after so many centuries, to the celebration of Divine Service in the native tongue; and it is a day to be much observed in this Church of England among all our generations for ever." . . . There was a still deeper reason why Whit-Sunday should have been the fittest day for its inauguration, which I hope to have succeeded in laying bare.

" . . . O fortunati nimium, sua si bona  
norint  
Angliaci."

EDMUND S. FFOLKES.

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. of Protestantism*, vol. iii. pp. 412-413.  
London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.



THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN BY JOHN MORLEY.<sup>1</sup>

COBDEN has exceeded the conditions under which alone the sage of old would consent to pronounce a man happy. He not only was happy, judged by any rational standard of happiness, up to the end of his life, but he has been happy after his death. To obtain such a biographer as Mr. Morley must be admitted to be a stroke of good fortune of no common kind. It is easy to conceive how, in the hands of many an able man, the book might have fallen short of the excellence which Mr. Morley has attained. A mere man of letters could hardly have sympathised with and understood the politician and platform orator as Mr. Morley has. On the other hand, a public man accustomed to work in the same sphere as Cobden was not so likely to do justice to the historical and sociological side of the subject; to say nothing of the broad and full literary presentation of so wide and complex a topic as the political and economic history of England for thirty eventful years. Above all, a life of Cobden could be adequately written only by a man animated by a social spirit as broad and generous as his own.

It is needless to say that this book is a great deal more than a biography. Beside the vivid portrait which occupies the canvas, is the discussion of principles, luminous *aperçus* on politics, parties, public men, trade, commerce, and war—not at all interfering with the central figure, but rather throwing it up in more visible relief. The union of the general with the particular is the test of a biographer's skill. It is not difficult to adhere with tameness to the story of your hero's fortunes, never to allow him to leave the stage for a moment,

<sup>1</sup> Chapman and Hall, London.

and, in short, to give the reader so much of him that he soon has more than enough. Neither is it very difficult to forsake the chief personage altogether, to lose him in the general events of the times, and so produce a hybrid work, neither history nor biography, and inadequate to the requirements of each. But to show at once, with sufficient generality and sufficient detail, the scene and conditions in which the chief character is about to move and work—to paint him full-length in minute touches, and yet always to maintain visible his relation to the whole, is a task very arduous indeed, and Mr. Morley has accomplished it with exceptional success.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Morley was fitted to be the biographer of Cobden. Although he is as well known as a publicist as a man of letters, and latterly, at least (not perhaps without regret on the part of some), seems to be disposed to give more attention to politics than to literature, it should be noted that he is a literary man of a somewhat peculiar kind. Not many writers in our time have shown greater aptitudes for literature than he; yet he has ever seemed to us not quite content when dealing with literature pure and simple, but to be, as it were, resisting an attraction that was drawing him elsewhere. It is certain that he passes with a sort of alacrity from the consideration of literature as such, to the contemplation of it in its relations to society, and to the estimate of its value and energy in a given case as a social factor itself. In this attitude he seems always at home and at his ease. It was in this temper that he wrote his careful and elaborate studies of the great French writers of the eighteenth century;

and in his *Miscellanies* the same vein is unmistakable. He is never satisfied with the merely literary side of a work of genius, but is ever anxious to trace its uprising to the conditions of the time, and to note its further reaction on them. When, therefore, he undertook to write the life of Cobden, there existed a pre-established harmony between the author and his subject of the happiest augury. Cobden could not have found a biographer more fitted to understand and appreciate him, and Mr. Morley could not easily meet with a character more suited to his own cast of mind and deeper sympathies. A politician and writer who made the furtherance of social ends the great object of his life was precisely the subject most calculated to arouse Mr. Morley to a glow of sober enthusiasm. And the result, as given in these volumes, corresponds to the rational anticipation. The book is, in many respects, an advance on Mr. Morley's previous productions. It is marked by great reserve and quietness of tone, sparing of ornament and image—sparing, above all, of eloquence. There is not a "purple passage" in all the two volumes. Those who bear in mind what the writer can achieve in this line will appreciate the sense of power which led him to this self-restraint. It is needless to say that the effect of the whole is infinitely raised, and conveys that moral impressiveness and weight to which no rhetoric, however brilliant, ever attains. The lofty and unselfish spirit of Cobden could not have been more becomingly commemorated.

It would be paying such a critic as Mr. Morley an ill compliment to tell him that his work was simple and absolute perfection. It is probable that for every defect a reviewer could point out he could point out ten. I confess that with every wish to write a well-balanced article comprising a judicious mixture of praise and blame I am unable to find ground for exception, except on two points:—

(1.) The tone of almost uniform

asperity with which he speaks of the protectionists. Of course in the field of argument, and as a question of economics, their cause had not a word to say for itself. It may also be admitted that a very sinister class-interest largely prompted their resistance to the repeal of the Corn Laws. We can see now, with perfect clearness, that the pretension to starve England in the interest of landowners was quite unendurable; and if the champions of free trade, when the battle was sore and not yet won, used strong language against their opponents, it is not to be wondered at. But the battle is won, and although there is as little romance about Protection as about any cause that ever incurred or deserved defeat, it is only fair to remember how very differently the subject looked in the old days before the great experiment was tried compared with what it looks now. We know how easily self-interest warps the judgment of even candid men, and classes are ever more unscrupulous than the individuals who compose them. It was the honest opinion of many who were not landowners that the repeal of the Corn Laws was a great leap in the dark, and would very probably ruin the country. As Mr. Morley tells us, the Chartists and extreme Radicals were strongly opposed to Cobden and his friends, at least in the first instance. When we reflect by how easy an entrance the fallacies of protection find their way into the human mind, and that even at this hour there is hardly a country in the world where they are not more or less predominant, I think it would have been better to show the protectionists a little more leniency. The more so, as in reference to factory legislation, Mr. Morley has observed, to one side of the dispute, a neutrality not quite exempt, perhaps, from benevolence. Cobden's character of uniform uprightness saves him from any suspicion of class interest in his opposition to the Factory Act. But can we suppose that all manufacturers were as high-minded as he in this

matter? Can we doubt that their keen perception of the evils, real or imaginary, involved in a restriction of the hours of labour, was sharpened by the dread of private loss caused by the diminished productiveness of machinery? Mr. Carlyle, writing at the time when the debate was still warm, gives the general impression of the non-manufacturing public:—

“‘What is to become of our cotton trade?’ cried certain spinners, when the Factory Bill was proposed. ‘What is to become of our invaluable cotton trade?’ The humanity of England answered steadfastly, ‘Deliver me these rickety, perishing souls of infants, and let your cotton trade take its chance. God Himself commands the one thing: not God especially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous cotton trades at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them.’”

(2.) Cobden, in his early zeal for Reform, fell into an error not uncommon with ardent spirits who allow one aspect of affairs to engross their minds. Impatient with Whig feebleness or insincerity in 1838, he became disgusted with the English Constitution, which he calls a “great juggle,” and fell in love with the Government of Prussia, “the mildest phase in which absolutism ever presented itself.” Commenting on this passage (it only occurs in a private letter), Mr. Morley begins by admitting that it is open to serious criticism, and urges with justice that it is not right to press the phrases of a hasty letter of a traveller too closely. But alongside of these admissions he introduces remarks which are not far from adopting the expressions and sentiments he had just criticised:—

“As for the contempt which the passage breathes for the English Constitution, it is easy to understand the disgust which a statesman with the fervour of his prime upon him, and with an understanding at once too sincere and too strong to be satisfied with conventional shibboleths, might well feel alike for the hypocrisy and the shiftlessness of a system that behind the artfully painted mask of popular representation concealed the clumsy machinery of a rather dull plutocracy.”

And in another passage he speaks of the “pretended” reform of Parliament in 1832. I cannot suppose that Mr.

Morley, on second thoughts, would maintain the last expression. But even the former passage surprises me, coming from a thinker and writer of Mr. Morley’s rank. The question is not whether the English Constitution has more or fewer exasperating defects, but whether, those defects being as great as you please, such a constitution as the English is not vastly preferable in practical good government to a bureaucratic absolutism like that of Prussia, even at its highest efficiency? The answer given by subsequent events in the two countries seems to be conclusive. Mr. Morley ascribes the miscarriage of German progress to certain “Prussian statesmen of a bad school” and “military violence”; and as regards the matter of fact, no one can doubt he is right. But how came the statesmen of a bad school to have such power, and why has military violence reached to such a pitch? Is it not precisely because Prussia lacked such a constitution as the English, which, with all its faults, has a faculty of recovery from dangerous errors of policy, of learning wisdom from disaster, which despotism, at least in modern times, has not? One would like to know what Cobden, who admired Prussia so much in 1838, would have thought of that Government in 1881, with protection enforced as a sort of state religion, and the most monstrous development of the military spirit which the world has ever seen. Was the system which saved us from this, and in lieu thereof gave us Cobden and the League, a system solely of hypocrisy, shiftlessness, and painted masks? What sort of career would a Prussian Cobden have had? We need hardly pause for a reply.

It is impossible after having read this book not to feel that one has made a personal acquaintance with Cobden. Mr. Morley has collected a number of anecdotes from friends and relatives of the deceased statesman which give not only a vivid, but a highly pleasing notion of him as a man. It is difficult

to decide whether he was more remarkable for the vigour and independence of his intellect or the simplicity, uprightness, and entire unselfishness of his character. Of vanity there is not a trace, yet he had pride enough to give him dignity and to command respect, but he was never led into arrogance. Considering the tendency of self-made men to exaggerate their own importance, Cobden's genuine modesty must have been very great. The charm of his manner is well illustrated by the following story :—

"Cobden once had an interview with Rowland Hill some time in 1838, and gave evidence in favour of the proposed reform in the postage. Rowland Hill in writing to him afterwards excuses himself for troubling Cobden with his private affairs. 'Your conversation, evidence, and letters have created a feeling in my mind so like that which one entertains towards an old friend that I am apt to forget that I have met you but once.'"

Few things are more winning than a sober and rational enthusiasm for a practical object, of manifest public advantage ; it gives a man spontaneity, frankness, and warmth, while it necessarily excludes the repellent qualities, self-consciousness and hauteur. And Cobden always seems to have been provided with an enthusiasm of this kind. Yet his prudence was equal to his zeal. He was careful not to encumber himself with too many schemes at once, and thus always avoided the reproach of being a crotchety-monger. He aimed also at objects which there was a fair prospect of attaining, and refused to put himself out of court by advocating causes which could have no hope of success. "Strong enthusiasm in him was no hindrance to strong sense." Mr. Morley says that he has asked scores of persons who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what the secret was of his influence and success as an orator, and they all agreed in using the word "*persuasiveness*" as Cobden's most marked characteristic. His power of *extempore* argument was wonderful ; simple, lucid, cogent, full of facts, he was never dry nor abstract, nor over terse ; while all he said was

carried home, to use Mr. Bright's words, by "the absolute truth that shone in his eye and in his countenance."

Nothing shows the vigour of Cobden's intellect more than the facility with which he mastered and accomplished all that he undertook. He never had to wait long for success in anything to which he laid his hand. Equipped with only a "mockery of education," in a Dotheboys' Hall of the period, he had such a predisposition for culture that he never seemed to be hampered by the want of it ; he made up for deficiencies as he went along. His admirable temper and sweetness of nature no doubt made paths smooth to him which would have been rough to others. At the threshold of life he overcame an obstacle which would have been fatal to many. His maternal aunt and uncle had paid for his schooling, and subsequently he was taken as a clerk in the warehouse of the latter. But the benefactors, as so often happens in such cases, "expected servility instead of gratitude, and inflicted rather than bestowed their bounties." They especially disapproved of his thirst for knowledge, and of his studying French in the early morning hours in his bedroom. A more irritating position to an ardent mind could hardly be conceived ; one of the best impulses of human nature, the desire for improvement, might seem to counsel breaking away from it. Not so Cobden. In a short time he was on excellent terms with his relatives, and had made himself so useful, that he was promoted to the dignity of traveller for the house. At twenty-four years of age he set up with two friends in a commission business of his own. In two years he had so prospered that he was able to start a factory for calico-printing on his own account. The new firm thrived to admiration so long as he gave his attention to it. At thirty-one he began authorship, and at once, says Mr. Morley, stepped forth "the master of a written style which for boldness, freedom, correctness and

persuasive moderation, was not surpassed by any man then living." His success as a popular orator hardly needs to be referred to; it is the side of his career which is the most vividly remembered by the general public. In Parliament he soon became one of the most formidable debaters. Later in life he turned diplomatist, and conducted the delicate and difficult discussion of the Commercial Treaty with France with a tact and skill worthy of a veteran negotiator.

But able men, energetic in pushing their own fortunes, are no rarity in England. Neither is versatility of talent and resource by which the fortress of wealth and fame may be captured at all unknown among us. "Toughness in climbing the greasy pole," as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, can be had with or without asking. It is Cobden's peculiarity that he ignored or slighted personal ends to an exceptional, perhaps to an excessive degree. He had "a call" of another kind as authentic and imperative as ever carried a mystic pietist into the painful paths of self-mortification and prayer. These volumes abound with passages from his private letters which show his entire disinterestedness and sincere humility of spirit. No sooner had he conquered his position as a manufacturer, and saw the road open before him to indefinite wealth, than he ceased to take interest in making money, for which he said, with a truthfulness only too sadly confirmed by latter events, that he felt a "disregard for it, and a slovenly inattention to its possession that was quite dangerous." But men can be careless of money who are avaricious of fame, influence, and power. Cobden was indifferent to them all, except as a means to carry out plans for the common good. At a memorable crisis in his life, he did not hesitate to risk, and even sacrifice his popularity, by boldly opposing the dominant passion of the hour. This master of agitation and platform oratory had not a tinge of the demagogue in him. He was never intoxicated either by the flatteries of the

great or the applause of the multitude. As soon as he had obtained the repeal of the Corn Laws, he wished for nothing so much as to retire into private life, to which he said his health, the state of his business, and *his own mental incapacity* alike directed him. He always insisted that it was accident as much as any merit of his own that had "forced him upwards." He deprecated the public testimonial intended to repair the loss he had incurred by attending to public affairs to the neglect of his own, because there were others who had as good claims upon public consideration as himself. "I have often been pained," he adds, "to see that my fame, both in England and on the Continent, has eclipsed that of my worthy fellow-labourers." He does not suppress or curb, he ignores the promptings of vanity. He would not speak in the House of Commons except when he could benefit the great end for which he strove. On one occasion he writes: "I did not speak, simply for the reason that I was afraid that I should have given more life to the debate, and afford an excuse for another adjournment."

At an early period of life Cobden showed that spontaneous interest in social matters, and ability to observe them, which testified to a special bent and genius in that direction. When little more than a lad of one-and-twenty as a commercial traveller in Ireland, he surveyed the miserable population with the eye of a statesman, with more insight than many statesmen have often possessed. In Switzerland he was enchanted with the beauty of nature; but, as Mr. Morley remarks,—

"It is characteristic of his right sense of the true measure of things that, after speaking of Swiss scenery, he remarks to his brother as *better still* that he has made acquaintance with the people who could tell him about the life and institutions of the land."

In other words, this young tradesman, who had received no education but such as he had snatched in the intervals of business, attained at once



to an elevation of view which our brisk young academics in their annual resort to the playground of Europe never dream of. His zeal as a traveller, especially in early life, is indeed very remarkable. Travelling was with him a means of education, and very likely, as Mr. Morley says, for his purposes the best preparation he could have. After visiting France and Switzerland he went to America. He could only afford time for a tour of five weeks, and his passage out had taken him nearly as long. Yet he seems to have gone to the chief places of social or commercial interest at the moment. After that he took a long tour in the East. Like every one with an open mind and observant eye he formed the worst opinion of the Turks and a very high one of the Greeks, for whom he predicted a brilliant political future.

"All the East will be Greek, and Constantinople, no matter under what nominal sovereignty it may fall, will, by the force of the indomitable genius of the Greeks, become in fact the capital of that people."

The Turks, on the other hand, have no power of regeneration in themselves, and unless foreign aid prevent it, they must fall to pieces in less than twenty years. These opinions were formed and written down in the year 1836, and it was almost exactly twenty years afterwards that England and France did undertake by their foreign aid to prevent the natural process, which Cobden had predicted, from taking place.

These travels, coupled with the instruction which a vigorous mind always derives from the business of daily life, were Cobden's real education; what he got at school counts for nothing or less. The question occurs, How far was his efficiency helped or hindered by the want of a classical education? Mr. Morley, with decision, says it would have done him harm.

"Cobden is a striking instance against a favourite plea of the fanatics of Latin and Greek. They love to insist that a collegian's scholarship is the great source and fountain of

a fine style. It would be nearer the truth to say that our classical training is more aptly calculated to destroy the qualities of good writing and fine speaking than any other system that could have been contrived. Those qualities depend principally, in men of ordinary endowment, upon a certain large freedom and spontaneity, and next upon a strong habit of observing things before words. These are exactly the habits of mind which our way of teaching, or rather not teaching, Latin and Greek inevitably chills and represses in any one in whom literary faculty is not absolutely irrepressible."

It will be seen that Mr. Morley considers the matter mainly in reference to style, and one would hope that few persons, whose opinion was worth having, could be found to differ from him. The notion that boys can be taught to write good English by writing a good deal of bad Latin is not worth discussing. But there is a wider question to this effect: Would an accurate and thorough acquaintance with the history as well as the languages of antiquity have been of any appreciable use to a man like Cobden, exclusively occupied with modern politics? Not only classical pedants, but the rapidly growing body of historical students, will be apt to answer with an energetic affirmative. The present, we are told, can only be understood by those who have a knowledge of the past out of which it springs, with much more in the same vein. Now, neither philology nor history need any defence in the present age. Their value as science is quite beyond dispute. But how much of any highly specialized science is needed by a practical statesman? And why should certain narrow departments of the sciences of philology and history—for that is about what a classical education comes to—be especially useful to him? Cobden was unmercifully quizzed for having preferred a copy of the *Times* to all the historical works of Thucydides. But there can be little doubt that he was quite right in his opinion as he expressed it. He said that there was in a copy of the *Times* "more useful information to an Englishman or an

American of the present day" than in the Athenian historian. One might safely challenge the most self-absorbed college don to disprove the assertion. The man who has not read Thucydides has failed to make acquaintance with a master of political thought and a source of high culture. But what *useful* information does Thucydides convey to an Englishman or an American on the present needs of the world? These Cobden, like the wise man he was, studied in the country of Thucydides, not in his book.

As a matter of fact no one was less disposed than Cobden to undervalue knowledge which he did not happen to possess himself. It is somewhat touching to find him in the midst of his early business cares writing to his brother:—

"Might we not in the winter instruct ourselves a little in mathematics? I have a great disposition, too, to know a little Latin. And six months would suffice if I had a few books. Can you trust your perseverance to stick to them?"

It does not appear whether the proposal was ever carried out; and certainly it was only a very little Latin which, even by Cobden's energy, could be mastered in six months. But what a different temper is here manifested from the surly contempt of all knowledge beyond their own groove frequently shown by half-educated, or, for the matter of that, by wholly educated men, as the word is commonly applied? In spite of all that has been said above, and maintaining it in its special bearing, one cannot but regret that to such a vivid fertile mind the treasure-house of knowledge had not been unlocked in early youth, and its rich stores freely confided. One feels that it must have improved him, though it is difficult to point out in what particular way. As Cobden desired enlarged education for himself, so he desired to impart it to others. His first participation in public matters outside his own business was in connection with the building of "a little stone school-

house" at Sabden. His earliest speeches, says Mr. Morley,

"Were made at Clitheroe on behalf of the education of the young. And one of his earliest letters is a note making arrangements for the exhibiton at Sabden of twenty school children from an infant school at Manchester by way of example and incentive to more backward regions."

Here was the real sphere of Cobden's work—practical reform, amelioration of those conditions of social life on which progress and public happiness depend. The end—progress—may be furthered in two ways: the creation of new institutions suitable to the growing needs of the new time, or the destruction of old barriers and obstacles in the path of advancement. The little schoolhouse at Sabden belonged to the first, the agitation against the corn laws belonged to the second method, with which Cobden's name will ever be permanently associated.

He had already become prominent as a local politician before the League was started. Besides his constant vigilance in the cause of education he had taken an active share in the struggle for the incorporation of Manchester, and was one of the first aldermen chosen by the new borough. But he was soon to be removed to a wider scene. The great movement which was destined to give his name a lasting place in the history of England and the economic progress of the world was rapidly approaching. In August, 1838, the price of wheat had risen to seventy-seven shillings a quarter, and a bad harvest was in prospect. A cry for untaxed bread went up from the manufacturing districts, and Cobden heard it as a trumpet-call to battle. Without exultation as without misgiving, he entered the contest, resolved that this piece of work should be carried through, if courage, energy, and skill could achieve it. In October, 1838, the memorable Anti-Corn Law Association was formed at Manchester, of which he soon became the main-spring. For the next seven years his life was passed in the centre of an

agitation which for intensity and volume never had an equal in England. The portrait which Mr. Morley has drawn of Cobden at this period—riding the storm of agitation and mainly directing it; never losing his head in the tumult; courageous to audacity, yet cautious in the extreme; enthusiastic yet full of patience; sternly resolute yet abounding in good humour—will not easily find its match in English biographical literature. It is not only a brilliant narrative full of life, colour, and interest. Mr. Morley has not been content to be a mere literary artist, satisfied with the effect of an attractive or even powerful picture. He throws behind his picture a background of political philosophy and review of economic science as it passed into legislation before Cobden's time. With the masterly brevity one might expect from the author of *Diderot and the Encyclopedists*, he sketches the rise of "great human ideas" in the eighteenth century in France and England; then interposes a short but pregnant chapter on the history of the Corn Laws in this country, from Huskisson's legislation in 1823-25, to Sir R. Peel's ministry in 1841. He shows how the former had reduced the tariff of duties on almost every article of foreign manufacture, and how a "cabinet which had radically modified a host of restrictive laws was logically and politically bound to deal with the most important of them all—that which restrains the importation of food;" and how also at this point reformers were met by "one mighty and imperious interest which, as the parliamentary system was then disposed, even Canning's courage shrank from offending." Then follows a discussion of the various Corn Bills brought in—of the sliding scale, of a fixed duty, so that the reader enters upon the story of the great agitation with the knowledge requisite to appreciate it in all its bearings.

Any detailed accounts of the memorable events which followed the foundation of the League and Cobden's

election for Stockport would be out of place, or rather impossible, within the limits of a review of this nature. Mr. Morley is not one of those writers who can be compendiously condensed. Readers must turn to the book itself for his history of the agitation against the Corn Laws. Two points only of manageable compass can be referred to here. First, the scornful sense of strength and security with which the protectionists at the outset surveyed their antagonists. Even partial well-wishers to the cause of free trade regarded the enterprise of its advocates as hopeless. "You will overturn the monarchy as soon as you will accomplish that," said a nobleman whom some leaguers had come up to London to consult. Hard-headed men like Sir James Graham held the most extraordinary language, for which "sentimental nonsense" is a mild epithet. He pretended to fear, perhaps did fear, that the Repeal of the Corn Laws "would lead to a great migration from the loveliness of the country to the noisy alley and the sad sound of the factory bell." "Tell me not," he said, "of the cruelties of the conveyance of the Poles to the wintry wastes of Siberia; talk not to me of the transportation of the hill coolies from Coromandel to the Mauritius; a change is contemplated by some members of this House far more cruel, far more heartrending in the bosom of our native land." The cruelty of feeding the hungry was never more pompously described. The Tory press surpassed itself in virulence and scurrility, and told the manufacturers to take themselves and their goods to Tobolsk or Timbuctoo, and begged never to see them more. It is indeed quite surprising to find that the upper and ruling classes of what Napoleon had called forty years before the shop-keeping nation had so little appreciation of the value of the shop, that "the chief newspaper of the country party boldly declared that England would be as great and powerful, and all useful Englishmen would be as rich

as they were, though all the manufacturing houses should be engulfed in ruin." It is only another proof of the often observed fact that national pride and arrogance are feeble passions compared to class pride and arrogance. The uprise of *nouvelles couches sociales* to equality and influence has ever been resented by the older monopolists of power as an indignity not to be endured. From the days of Theognis in Greece to the recent government of *l'état moral* in France, it is one of the broadest facts scattered over history. The propagation of free trade principles was very often no sinecure. The lecturers whom the League sent out to preach the new doctrine were by no means always ill-received; in some places they were received with favour; but in others they were fortunate when they escaped the horsepond. But union, tenacity, and devotion in the end carried the day, and the frowning fortress of protection capitulated, as we all know, after a seven years' siege.

Not the least extraordinary circumstance connected with the agitation was the condition of Cobden's private affairs during all the latter period of it, and his own behaviour with respect to them. For three years before the final triumph in 1846 he was being quietly, but certainly, ruined, and he knew it, but was able to do nothing to prevent it. His incessant attention to public business left him no time to attend to his own; and the near relative who was in nominal charge was unequal to the task. Occupied in Parliament while the House was sitting, as soon as it rose he was carried off to animate and direct the operations of the League. He and Mr. Bright, were as Mr. Morley says, "ubiquitous: to-day at Manchester, to-morrow at Lincoln, this week at Salisbury, the next in Haddingtonshire." Cobden writes in June, 1844: "I am nearly overdone with work, two meetings at Aberdeen on Monday, up at four on Tuesday, travelled thirty-five miles, held a meeting at Montrose,

and then thirty-five miles more to Dundee for a meeting the same evening." As if this kind of work was not sufficient to tax his energies, his brother at Manchester was constantly writing him the most dismal letters about the state of the business. The leisure he was always hoping for, to be able to attend to his own affairs, never came; till at last in the spring of 1845 the crisis had to be faced. At this point Mr. Morley's narrative is extremely interesting:

"A friend of Cobden's, who was engaged in the same business, has told me how he received a message one afternoon in the winter before this, that Cobden wished to see him. He went over to the office in Mosley Street, and found him on the edge of doubt, sitting with his feet on the fender, looking gloomily into the languishing fire. He was evidently in great misery. Cobden had sent for him to seek his advice how to extricate himself from the difficulties in which his business had become involved. They summoned a second friend to their sombre counsels. There was no doubt either of the seriousness of the position, or of the causes to which it was due. His business, they told him, wanted a head. If he persisted in his present course, nothing on earth could keep him from ruin. He must retire from public life, and must retire from it without loss of a day. Cobden struggled desperately against the sentence. The battle he said was so momentous, and perhaps so nearly won."

Surely a touching picture of a scene as truly heroic as ever was put on canvas. Not long afterwards Mr. Bright, with the aid of one or two friends, was able to relieve him from his most pressing embarrassments, which the national testimonial soon wholly removed, at least for a time. Cobden's resolution in the face of such troubles would be hardly comprehensible unless we knew another trait of his character which Mr. Morley has preserved for us. At the conclusion of the conference at the office in Mosley Street just described,

"One of his counsellors asked him how he could either work or rest with a black load like this upon his mind. 'Oh,' said Cobden, 'when I am about public affairs I never think of it: it does not touch me: I am asleep the moment my head is on the pillow!'"

Cobden remained for nearly twenty

years a prominent figure in politics after the repeal of the corn laws, but he never played so active a part again as a leader of great masses of his countrymen. Indeed his latter years have been sometimes spoken of by superficial observers as a period of comparative failure. Perhaps the truth is that he rendered greater service to his country when he was out of favour with the multitude, than when he was the idol of the populace and crowded assemblies hung upon his lips. No part of Mr. Morley's work is more valuable than the first six chapters of his second volume, in which he expounds the *rationale* of Cobden's public action during the greater part of Lord Palmerston's reign. He shows that Cobden had a consistent scheme, well thought out, of public policy, when he resisted foreign loans, intervention in continental quarrels, and war, especially the Crimean war. Foreign loans to belligerent governments he said were doubly injurious to the nation which furnished them. First of all they sent capital out of the country for the sole purpose of its being destroyed or sunk in war establishments; capital which would otherwise have been employed on productive consumption at home. Secondly, the war establishments thus supported by our own money necessitate corresponding establishments on our part. To war, he objected not on the Quaker or sentimental principle of the sin of shedding blood, but on the simple economic ground that it leads to the destruction of capital on which the labouring classes live, and with which they produce new wealth. As population increases and society becomes more democratic, this waste of capital develops into a grave social peril. Mr. Morley with great appositeness cites the instance of Germany—the country which Cobden once so much admired—as proving “how with modern populations the destruction of capital in military enterprises breeds socialism.” As regards non-intervention laid down as a universal rule

without qualification or limit, Mr. Morley cannot see his way to complete agreement with Cobden, who evidently stated too absolutely a principle highly valuable in itself, and nine times out of ten likely to admit of practical application, but which cannot be erected into a general prohibition to interfere in foreign politics even with arms. As Mr. Morley says, “It can only be a question of expediency and prudence.”

With reference to the Crimean war, for their opposition to which Mr. Bright and Cobden were denounced as traitors, burnt in effigy, and refused a hearing at public meetings, Mr. Morley is justified in saying that events have done something “to convince people that the two chiefs of the Manchester school saw much further ahead in 1854–55 than men who had passed all their lives in foreign chanceries and the purlieus of Downing Street.” As regards the particular case, intervention in favour of the Turk, we may hope that the lesson has been fairly taken to heart. But how far can we trust that it will be remembered in at present unforeseen cases? Cobden, who was constitutionally sanguine, seemed to expect that if he had proved war to be injurious to national and private interests, it would spontaneously cease. “To take away the motive of self-interest is, after all, the nearest way to influence the conduct of wicked human nature,” he said. He forgot that self-interest is only one passion among many, and very often by no means the strongest. Pride, pugnacity, and the love of power are much more imperious passions when they are once roused, as in the present backward state of the human mind (as Mr. Mill used to say) they too easily can be, either by events or unscrupulous rulers. The problem is complicated by the fact that war, evil as it is in its social effects, is frequently the nursery of the most attractive virtues in individuals. The popularity of great soldiers with mankind generally,



and with womankind universally, is a fact which the advocates of peace may regret, but which they cannot deny. Cobden did not deny it after he witnessed the "frenzy of admiration" with which the Duke of Wellington was welcomed at the great Exhibition in 1851. Since Cobden's death the war spirit has risen to a height and truculence in Europe the like of which he was spared the pain of ever seeing; so that at last we are reduced to hoping that the intensity of the evil may work its own cure. The result of experience is that the passion for war cannot with much success (to use a military simile) be attacked in front; it must be *turned*. Not only enlightenment of the mind, but education of the feelings—a broad and deep advance in general morality—are needed to save mankind from this self-inflicted scourge. That war will one day among the civilised portion of mankind come to an end, no one without impiety can doubt. But it will end in consequence of a slow and secular evolution, comparable in its silent progress to the great processes of geologic change which raise and depress the bed of the ocean. In the meantime let no one rashly conclude that the protests are thrown away of brave men like Cobden, who, with a courage of a finer temper than that which leads men to the assault of a battery, faced obloquy and popular anger in the cause of peace. Twice since the Crimean expedition we have narrowly escaped war—with the United States in 1861, with Russia in 1876-77. We can hardly doubt that Cobden's doctrine and example contributed an appreciable factor to the happy result.

The strange fact, and as sad as it is strange, is that Cobden himself was largely the indirect cause of that recrudescence of the war spirit and general popularity of Tory principles which marked this period of our history. The years which immediately followed the repeal of the corn laws were the years of the greatest commercial and industrial prosperity which

the country had ever known. The *nouveaux riches* became Tories out of a mean ambition to assimilate themselves to good society, and a general temper of conceit and arrogance animated the middle class which was puffed up by its ever-growing wealth. Painful as such a fact must have been to him, it is clear that Cobden, with that sincerity of vision which he never lacked, perceived and noted it. Writing on the defeat of Mr. Bright at Manchester, he says:

"The secret of such a display of snobbishness and ingratitude is in the great prosperity which Lancashire enjoys, and for which it is mainly indebted to Bright, and the result has been to make a large increase in the number of Tories. . . . This will go on in the North of England so long as our exports continue to increase at their present rate, and in the natural course of things more Tories will be returned."

The free traders, by enormously increasing the wealth of the country, had cut the ground from under their own feet. The Tory discomfiture in 1846 had led to the triumph of Tory principles in 1854-57. *Sic vos non vobis*.

It is impossible to look back on this well-filled life, devoted to the furtherance of social improvement and general well being, without being struck by the great silent change which has come over the world with regard to the careers open to higher natures in the present age, as compared with their opportunities in a no very distant past. During the greater part of historical time, there was little room or opening for the reformer. The rebel, especially the religious rebel, was the occasional and violent instrument of innovation, while here and there a wise despot lent his hand to such beneficial change as his own interest seemed to dictate. To the mass of men, not reform, but resignation, was the doctrine inculcated equally by religion and common sense. When change for the better is manifestly hopeless by any means at the disposal of the private citizen, when revolt has failed, or been quenched in

blood, outward efforts to improve the world are abandoned by strenuous minds for that inward culture of spirit which promises peace in the chamber of the heart. When political evil seems as incurable as natural evil, men submit with sullenness or sweetness, according to their type of character, but submission, resignation, *Entsagen* becomes the accepted doctrine, and has besides special attractions to the loftier minds. Hence saints and high moralists, whether Christian or stoic, have generally been markedly wanting in public spirit. "Reform thyself" is their motto. "Leave the reformation of the world to others, or to God." Epictetus, Thomas a Kempis and Emerson agree in this teaching. It is easy to see, indeed, how concentration of the mind on spiritual growth necessarily predisposes it to neglect or indifference to all outward accidents, political conditions not excepted. Goethe did not allow the disasters of the French invasion to interfere with his self-culture; and Wilberforce, although he had been a vigorous reformer in the matter of the slave trade, declared "his greatest cause of difference with the democrats, was their laying, and causing people to lay, so great a stress on the concerns of this world as to occupy their whole minds and hearts, and to leave a few scanty and lukewarm thoughts for the heavenly treasure." It can hardly be denied that there is a bias towards conservatism in men whose natures are essentially moral. Sir Thomas More, Dr. Johnson, Southey, are instances of this rule, which is general, though by no means universal. On the other hand, it would scarcely be unfair to say that reformers as a body, and as represented by their chief men, have been more distinguished by public spirit than private virtue. Take Mirabeau, Fox, Byron, as not inequitable instances. Of course it occasionally happens that reform is so imperative that to further it appears in the light of a duty to the most religious and humble minds, of which temper Crom-

well and Hampden are the most illustrious types.

Again it is a fact, which we may regret, but which we cannot dispute, that minds more distinguished by delicacy than strength are at once repelled by, and unfitted for, the rough conditions of public life. And no form of public life is so rough as that of the sincere reformer of abuses. M. Renan makes a fine remark when discarding with decision Gerson's title to be considered the author of the *Imitation*. He says:—

"Il y a d'ailleurs un étrange contraste entre le rude scholastique dont la vie fut remplie par tant de combats, et le pacifique dégoûté qui écrivit ces pages pleines de suavité et de naïf abandon. Un homme mêlé à toutes les luttes de son temps n'eût jamais su trouver des tons aussi fins et aussi pénétrants. L'homme politique conserve jusque dans la retraite ses habitudes d'activité inquiète; il est une certaine délicatesse de conscience que les affaires ternissent irrévocablement, et on trouverait à peine, au moins dans le passé, une œuvre distinguée par le sentiment moral, qui soit le fruit des loisirs d'un homme d'état."

It is not only to Evangelical religion that men of taste have an aversion. Artistic natures rarely care for politics, or understand them. And their feeling is rather one of hostility than indifference to the tumult and the noise which are rarely absent from popular reforms; they thus add another contingent to the conservative classes.

The bearing of these remarks on the subject before us is not difficult to see. Cobden's success and fame as an agitator and reformer have been so great that many persons who judge only by the external result might be tempted to infer that he was pre-eminently adapted both by taste and disposition for the career he selected. The evidence in these volumes is opposed to such an inference. Cobden always protested that the bustle and excitement of public meetings, and all the operose machinery connected with agitation were distasteful to him, and only undergone for the sake of the great end in view.

"In the last year of his life," writes Mr. Morley, "as he and Mrs. Cobden were coming up to London from their home in the country, Mrs. Cobden said to him—'I sometimes think that, after all the good work that you have done, and in spite of fame and great position, it would have been better for us both if after you and I married we had gone to settle in the backwoods of Canada.' And Cobden could only say, after looking for a moment or two with a gaze of mournful preoccupation through the window of the carriage, that he was not sure that what she said was not true."

We may surmise that he caught a glimpse of Renan's reflection that the practice of affairs is apt to tarnish the inner brightness of the soul, though the regret, precisely because of the good work he had done, could hardly be more than transitory. How, then, it may be asked, did Cobden become an agitator and reformer if he had an inherent dislike to the conditions which the career necessarily involved? The answer is that the new time has brought with it the perception and obligation of new duties, which men of courage and generosity will not neglect in obedience to private inclination. It is now possible to serve one's country in other capacities than that of the soldier or even the lawgiver. A man endowed with adequate ability and social spirit may, we see, make the most serious contribution to the moral and material well-being of his fellow countrymen. If his motives are pure and unselfish, he may not only live down obloquy, but attain to as good a conscience as any recluse occupied in chastening himself by self-mortification and prayer. Public life and a career of agitation, even in a noble cause, may be harmful to certain spiritual graces, just as hard work can seldom beautify the hands. But reckoning these drawbacks at their highest, they will hardly be found to

be more disfiguring than those produced by fastidious and effeminate self-culture pursued in a selfish and unsocial temper. Cobden approached the agitation against the corn laws, to use his own words, in a "moral and even religious spirit," and Mr. Bright has borne witness that his friend's life was "a life of perpetual self-sacrifice." If to live for others is the essence of religion, it must be admitted that Cobden's life was religious. The circumstances of his age enabled, or rather forced, him to be a reformer, to strive for measures and principles which help to alleviate the lot of the poor, to give them better food, better education, better ideals of national greatness. Had he lived in the fifth century amid the falling ruins of the Roman Empire, we may be sure he would have had no such thoughts or objects. His thoughts then would have turned with St. Augustine to "The City of God," of which he would have striven to become a citizen with as much zeal and singleness of heart as in the nineteenth century and in England he strove for untaxed bread and the suppression of war.

It is ardently to be wished that the hope to which Mr. Bright gave expression at the recent commemoration of his birthday may soon be realised, that this wise and instructive book will soon be published in a cheaper form, so as to make it accessible to a wide class of readers. Few works have appeared in this generation animated by so lofty a tone of morality and duty. It is a real continuation of Cobden's own work; his spirit breathes from it afresh. Every young man who aspires to be a worthy patriotic citizen should read it. It may be regarded as a manual of public spirit.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

## MORE DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

If these are days of education, they are also days of a more questionable blessing—talk about education. No doubt we want sound theory as well as constant practice in this important matter; but perhaps the chief reason why the flood of educational matter let loose upon the world is so questionable a blessing is this, that, for the greater part, those who busy themselves most with the theory, have least to do with the practice. Few of those who write, and fewer still of those who speak on the subject, can be suspected of ever having spent an hour a day for half a dozen days consecutively in actual teaching. The fact is, the practical pedagogue has little time for advancing his theories; the theoretical pedagogue in nine cases out of ten is a man of theory only. Consequently, education is mainly in the hands of men who have their theories, but have little time, and probably less inclination, to propound them; while talk about education is mainly left to those who have no opportunities for testing their theories practically.

The professional pedagogue, on the whole, is looked upon and spoken of as a prejudiced person; a creature of wooden methods, and dogged persistence in sticking to them. Yet if we remember that his opinions, unlike the disquisitions and nostrums of his critics, have been formed upon practice and experience, we shall cease to wonder at the divergence of theory and practice, or at the attacks too often made on the professed pedagogue.

For former generations of Englishmen the curriculum of their education in public schools might be briefly sum-

med up as consisting of classics and mathematics. The present generation enjoys a curriculum of wider scope; considered rather too wide by some practical educationalists, and miserably narrow by many laymen. The study of English, French, and German is now added to that of Latin and Greek: natural science may be said at least to be on its trial as an educational method; and much more time is given to acquiring history and geography. Drawing and music, too, are more generally taught; but still the main parts of the curriculum in our public schools remain what they were fifty or a hundred years ago. Boys on the "modern sides" of our schools are in a minority of something like one to five; and on the "classical sides," classics and mathematics still occupy far more time than any others.

There are several minor reasons for this, but, I believe, the main reason why classics and mathematics remain as the principal methods of education is this, that the conscientious and experienced pedagogue is very loth to sacrifice that which gives him the best grip of a boy's mind—that he will not give up *lessons* in favour of *lectures*. Any person who has had experience in teaching will recognise the distinction. You can make a lesson out of languages and mathematics; but as far as one can gather from experience, what are called lessons in science, history and geography, evaporate into lectures, admirably suited to eager and attentive pupils, but quite unfitted for the great majority, the uninterested and inattentive. For, alas! horrible unreality as it may be to the theorist, the great majority of English boys are uninterested and inattentive by nature.

<sup>1</sup> See *Macmillan's Magazine* for Dec. 1875.

They have by no means that thirst for information that distinguished Masters Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford, and drew so much interesting matter from Mr. Barlow. Here and there you have boys more or less impressed by what they are reading or hearing or trying to solve, but many more decline to be interested in any sort of work, and will do their best to corrupt even the intelligent and interested minority. To this unthinking majority languages, literature, history, mathematics, science—all are equally boring; and in schools it is for majorities that we must legislate. Supposing, then, that in classics and mathematics he has the main ingredients of a system that will interest and improve and sharpen the intellects of his thinking and more gifted minority, and at the same time give him continual chances of coming hand to hand with his unthinking majority, and of wrestling closely with them in a *lesson*, is it probable that the practical teacher will feel desirous of exchanging such a method for one which naturally tends to resolve itself into the *lecture*? Nothing, of course, is urged against the desirability of lectures on science and other important and useful subjects for rising geniuses; but if it be asked, Why must such subjects be treated in the lecture rather than in the lesson? all one can say is that at present this seems to be the verdict of experience.

It is at the classics that a dead set is most commonly made. If languages are indeed so valuable a means of education, why, it is asked, is it necessary to go back centuries and centuries to classical Greek and Latin? Why not put the study of our own language in the place of a classical training? Here, again, it becomes absolutely necessary to know something about boys and their peculiarities as learners, before one can settle this question of English *versus* Classics.

It may seem a paradox, but it is still quite true, that many boys,

who can get on pretty well with Latin and Greek, are too stupid to do English. Where are the declensions and conjugations that not only exercise their memories at a time when memory wants plenty of exercise, but also compel them to keep their wits awake, to compare inflections, and apply rules of syntax? The inflections in English are almost nil, while as to syntactical rules, even a young boy who comes from an educated home obeys them without even having needed to learn them. As to spelling, it cannot possibly be reduced to rules, and, without some knowledge of Latin and Greek, must become purely and simply a matter of observation, except in the few inflections that the language possesses. Teaching English with small boys generally comes to this, that they are set down to read an easy author with notes, and expected to interest themselves in derivations of words from languages which they know nothing at all about, and in the analysis of sentences which they can understand without it, or cannot understand with it; and to be mentally exercised in receiving matter which, if the book be easy, gives them no trouble, and, if it be difficult, presents them with difficulties for the solution of which a complete explanation must be given, or they are helpless. In fact, English must be read by English boys almost entirely for the matter. Latin and Greek present matter in combination with various trials of wits in other respects.

"But, surely," some would say, "a stupid boy would make more out of his own language than out of a foreign and dead tongue? Gray's *Elegy*, for instance, would be a poem that surely would make itself felt and understood partly even by the dullest of dullards?" The following extract from a theme on that poem, which had been read during the term, will perhaps show how very little some boys are capable of understanding the simplest parts of an English classic:—"Gray's *Elegy* is



all written in four-lined verses; it rimes from the first line to the fourth. Gray's Elegy consists of thirty-two verses; it begins with the parting of day, and goes on telling us all what happened when day is departing, when ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to Darkness and to me. Then in small print at the bottom of the page it gives you the meaning of all the difficult words, and explains them to you in such a way that you cannot help understanding them." This is copied *verbatim* from a paper written by a boy who, it appears, *could* help understanding what he read.

Perhaps the most objectionable phrase in connection with education is that which, I think, belongs exclusively to seminaries for young ladies—"a finished education." I know of none other more absurd than that which so often figures in the prospectus of a Collegiate School or of an Academy—"thorough English." The British parent, taking a severely practical view of matters, probably has somewhat the same view of it as that which the prospectus implies, and considers that his sons are "thorough English" scholars if they can pass an easy examination in spelling, reading, writing, English history, and geography. It probably never occurs to him that his boys would be quite as much at sea in Chaucer as in Cæsar; and would find many a passage from *Paradise Lost* quite as unmeaning as a literal translation of Horace or Propertius.

Very much more might be said in favour of German and French as substitutes for the classics; but here also there are very serious practical difficulties in the way. People, especially mothers, do not like their children to be without the correct accent; the imparting of which can hardly be said to be the function of the pedagogue. The difficulty of teaching French and German both scientifically, and at the same time colloquially, in our home schools, is

one that has yet to be solved. Englishmen as a rule cannot and will not do the latter; foreigners can rarely be trusted to do the former. The hypothesis that English schools on English principles might be established in France and Germany is liable to this *reductio ad absurdum*, that the great distance between a boy's home and his school would be intolerable to the maternal, if not to the paternal heart, and that such a system carried out on a complete scale both by ourselves and by our Continental neighbours, would lead to a removal of English families to the Continent, and of Continental families to England. For education in speaking the language such schools would be practically useless, as they would form English-speaking colonies independent of the tongue prevailing outside their own bounds. The present method of sending English boys to foreign schools is open to the very serious objection that a correct accent must be purchased at the cost of a great part of that physical and moral training that we value so highly in our own schools.

So far we have been speaking of those who object to classics as a means to an end which both parties in the quarrel have in view. But there are other opponents of the old-fashioned *curriculum* who appear to propose to themselves an end other than that which the pedagogue has in prospect. "Before," it is said, "there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know." To that *dictum* I respectfully demur; and would suggest that the sentence would be nearer the truth if thus rewritten, "Before there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle what subjects it most concerns us to study, in order that we may become more capable of acquiring and retaining knowledge."

The primary object of sending boys to school is not that they may learn, but that they may learn how to learn; not that they may acquire knowledge,

but that their brains may be so exercised as to make them capable of acquiring it. If useful knowledge and elevating ideas flow in by the way, all the better. But we do not want to sacrifice *education to instruction*. We want first of all to educate, to bring out and strengthen our boys' mental faculties; not to set about giving them instruction before their minds have undergone the training that will enable them to receive it rationally. "Oh, if it is gymnastics you want," replies another enemy of the classics, "don't trouble yourselves with Latin. Take up Chinese instead, and you will get far more gymnastic exercise out of that than you can get out of the classics." But may there not be a wise moderation in this as in other things? Because we want gymnastic exercises, and think that we have found a part of the sort of thing we want in Latin and Greek, it hardly follows that we must want those exercises in excess. If an athlete is going to attempt a high jump of five and a half feet, why raise the bar to six and a half? If the Eton eleven are turning out at Lord's to play Harrow, you need not walk out and say to their captain, "If it is cricket you want, why not play the Gentlemen of England?"

It must be supposed that Mr. Herbert Spencer is attacking the country gentleman's view of a classical education, and not the pedagogue's, when he writes: "A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them"; and when he maintains that classics are taught in our schools rather because a classical education is ornamental than because it is useful. The schoolmaster's view is rather this—that it is very doubtful whether it will be found an ornamental thing at all, very often perhaps rather the reverse, judging from the ignorance of the classics displayed by many who have had a classical educa-

tion; but that the acquiring a knowledge (limited and imperfect as it may be) of Latin and Greek must in itself be a useful thing. Professor Ramsay<sup>1</sup> is not the only "out-and-out believer" in the value of classics as an educational method, though the advantages to be derived from them be mainly indirect.

But we are getting some distance away from those "Diversions" through which a pedagogue would wish to bring before his readers some characteristics of the *genus* Boy.

It may not be a familiar truth to theorists, but it is pretty well known to all practical pedagogues, that the boy is by nature conservative, and liable to become rabidly so, if treated to a little judicious opposition and banter. To nine boys out of ten the names of Bright and Gladstone are simply bugbears; much what a red flag is to a bull. Not, of course, that they understand anything about politics, but that they hear that those statesmen are opposed to the conservative principles which are firmly established in their own boyish hearts.

Now it is interesting and curious to observe this strict conservatism in a boy's school-work. He learns the third Latin declension, and finds that the ablative singular of *lex* is *lege*. I believe that hundreds of pedagogues will bear me out when I say that it is horse-work to get a boy to make the ablative singular of the adjective *tristis*, *tristi*. His conservative feelings rebel against that innovation in the inflections he has already learnt. In the same way the second conjugation of the regular verb is steadily adhered to when the third is undertaken. Boys *will* write *reget* and *regent* for *regit* and *regunt*, because they have pinned their faith upon *monet* and *monent*. It is a curious fact, too, that small boys are often strongly attached to the word *erunt* for *erunt*. I once knew a Scotch

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xli. p. 329.

boy who had made this blunder and would not be disabused of it. After hunting in vain through his Latin grammar to show me the word, he declared that it was so in the book he had learnt from in Scotland, and till that book, which was not forthcoming, should be consulted, he declined to admit that he was in the wrong.

One of the commonest types of boy is the strictly *matter-of-fact*. Boys have a strong distaste for "show-off," and a strong determination to avoid any exhibition of such a weakness in themselves. Hence a literalness and a dogged, matter-of-fact style of going to work, which is sometimes mistaken for sheer stupidity. What can be better than this exactly literal translation of Ovid's words concerning the Seythians, *Arcent mala frigora braccis*; "They keep off bad colds by means of wearing breeches"? A less conservative and matter-of-fact person would have missed the point of the plural in this passage. Again, that line of Horace, which has led to the fall of many a victim, when subjected to a common-sense view, thus yields up the secret of its meaning, *Si torreris jecur queris idoneum*; "If you want to roast a liver properly." A matter-of-fact person of my acquaintance thinks that *ludus circensis* means "a round game."

Who is not familiar with the touching story of Hero and Leander, and Byron's moving lines on the subject? Let me lay before the reader a matter-of-fact account of the transaction as sent up to me by a hard-hearted youth: "Leander was a young man, who was in love with a young woman, and between them was a large piece of water, so that if he wished to see her he would have to cross it; so he resolved to swim it. He reached the opposite shore all safe, but in coming back the journey was too long, the tide very strong, and he got the cramp and was drowned."

I have only once come across a boy

able, without being taught, to take a really comprehensive view of languages, and to see that English, French, and Latin are to a great extent capable of being treated as one and the same tongue. He was a wild youth, from the sheep-runs of Australia, and perhaps travel had done something towards forming the breadth of his views. He came in the middle of the term, and being quite innocent of anything except reading, writing, and arithmetic, was set down at once to the elements of French and Latin. Unfortunately I did not explain to him that at different hours he was supposed to be doing different work, and that English, French, and Latin would be brought before his notice separately. He spent five or six weeks working on his own system without letting us perceive the theory he held; and when the examination at the end of the term came on, then he astonished our weak minds. The following, word for word and letter for letter, was his Latin exercise:—

"The just man"—*Le pitiest ponto.*

"The beautiful girl"—*La pilettest felia.*

"The long war"—*La grand ueur.*

"Old men are surly"—*Ponno curunt morsuly.*

"That city is very beautiful"—*J'ai cunitz est petest.*

"They will have been advised by Cicero"—*Arant habent been moniter by Cicero.*

In the Latin grammar paper he was required to decline *qui*. Not being familiar with that pronoun, he selected from the English language a word which seemed to have some affinities with it—"quickly." To this he added a miscellaneous lot of Latin inflections, and the result was this—*Quicklya, quicklya, quicklyorum, quicklya, quicklya, quicklya*. He was once required to spell the word *gymnasium*. An adherence to his comprehensive system may be traced in his effort, which was this—*gymmeguynnasey room*.

He was more or less of a philosopher, but he stayed not long amongst us. Those whom the gods love die young,

and he was soon recalled to the happy hunting-grounds of Australia.

But this was not the only boy I have known to make semi-philosophical blunders. One of my boys on first being confronted with the dual *εἶς*, not having learnt, or forgetting, there was no first person in that number, produced "I two am" as the nearest thing he could think of to express it. Boys are very fond of putting *nemo* with a plural verb, and for all I know their reasoning is this: "The singular speaks of one, the plural of more than one. Evidently *nemo* is neither singular nor plural, so the verb can be what you like." "Why," I once asked a boy, "does *magnificus* make comparative *magnificentior*?" "Because," I was answered, "it means a hundred times more magnificent." Another of my boys explained *ἑξήκον ἀνδρά* as a man with six minds. The pseudo-philosophical, too, is often puzzled with queer fancies, and brings them to his master for solution. Being in difficulties with respect to the Latin rule for the construction of the place to which one goes, a small boy once came to me to know if Sicily was an island large enough to take the preposition *ad*. Another wanted to know if *abs* was the plural form of *ab*.

But breadth of view and a philosophical habit of inquiry cannot be said to be usual characteristics of school-boys. As a rule their views are extremely narrow. They are guided commonly by a rigid and orthodox trust in the letter of grammar and dictionary. For example, a boy is required to turn into Latin the following English sentence: "We know that the gods are on our side." He produces this rendering, *Scimus deos citra esse*. Again, "The king yielded to the augur" is turned, *Rex perforaculo concessit*. Another friend of mine considered that the words applied by Horace to the ship of the state, *Non tibi sunt integra lintea*, was adequately rendered by "You have not fresh linen." The

words, so frequently occurring in Homer, *δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς*, are often taken to mean "the godly Ulysses." A few months ago a boy brought me, in a copy of Latin elegiacs, the following rendering of the line, "And autumn presses near," *Autumnusque artus post duo flavus agit*. It is fair to him to add that the translation of his line is not what I thought it to be, "And yellow autumn behind plies his two legs;" the words *post duo* referring to the two past seasons of the year. This pentameter is reported from a Yorkshire school, *Pulvis et hic hæc hoc omnia more fiunt*. Some of my readers may remember Virgil's description, in the *Georgics*, of bees leaving their hives in the morning, *Mane ruunt portis: nusquam mora*. A pupil of mine thus Englished the words, "In the morning they rush forth from the gates: manners are nowhere." A similar tendency towards slang may be observed in this translation, *Tempestiva viro*, "For your blooming husband." It was a boy educated in the Isle of Man, who rendered *Tres gravissimi historici*, by "Three very grievous hysterics."

The following is an instance of a narrow and orthodox view of the use of the dictionary:—

Boy (translating). "*Otia tuta*, safe plins."

Master. "Safe what?"

Boy. "Safe plins, sir."

Master. "What are plins?"

Boy. "A kind of fish, sir."

Master (aware that there may be more things in heaven and earth and sea than are dreamt of in his philosophy). "Where do you find that?"

Boy. "In my dictionary, sir."

Master. "Let me see it," (reading from the book), "*Otis*, a kind of fish, *Plin*."

This mistake is akin to that of the editor of a once well-known Greek Testament, who is said in his Preface (since suppressed) to have expressed his obligations to various German critics, "including that copious writer

Professor Ebend." — the German equivalent for Dr. Ditto.

A still more common type of boy is the puzzle-headed, on whose banners confusion waits, as he marches forth to do battle with his natural enemies, his teachers. Perhaps no species of boy produces such a plentiful crop of ludicrous blunders as this. One of them renders *ῥεύμα ὀξύ* by "swift rumour," probably with a muddled reminiscence of Virgil's description of Fame floating in his brain. *Labienuis nudo capite in equo versabatur*, is turned, with a wild scorn of proprieties, into "Labienuis was riding about on his horse's bare head." *μυστήρια Ζεὺς* conveys an inappropriate idea of mayors and corporations when translated "Councillor Zeus." Many an idle dog before now has translated Homer's *κίνας ἀργούς* in such a way as to turn the laugh against himself. *σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὅσσοισι νύξ ἐφέρπει*, says poor Alcestis, in her last moments, not at all meaning, "Dark night is creeping over my bones." Neither is the simile *ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνὴ φοῖνικι μύρῃ* happily given in this rendering, "And as when a woman paints an elephant with red." A rather vivid recollection of a local entertainment seems to have prompted the following, *ἀγορήνδε καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχελεῖς, οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν, ὁμηγερέες τε γέοντο*, "Achilles called the people to the assembly room, and when they were come together and were closely packed," &c. One translator has thought it right to say that *Age fare vicissim* means, "Come, tell me for the twentieth time." *Tripodas geminos* alludes to no such monster as a boy imagined who translated it by "Three-footed twins." Cerberus is represented in the poets as an animal *latratu trifauci*, which one boy, not without ingenuity, has twisted into "Cerberus with treble back." The Cambridge Little-go Examination lately produced the following graphic translation: *Domestico vulnere ictus, filium anno ante natum amisit*. "Having been bitten by a tame fox, he lost his son a year before he

was born," a sentence which starts clearly, if not correctly, but ends in clouds and darkness. But we must bear in mind that we are treating of the boy; at the universities we are all men. *Ignari sumus* is a sentence so very simple, that I was surprised, though proof against a good deal, to find a boy making it mean "The height of ignorance." *Medius juvenum* is perplexing when said to mean "middle-aged youths." *Vin' tu Curtis Judæis oppedere?* is believed by one to mean, "Did you see Curtis the Jew coming this way?" From the same came the following Latin rendering of "We never set foot in your land," *Nunquam tua in patria pedimus*. As I write a delicious translation of Homer (*Od. xii. 129*) is brought to me:—

... τόσα δ' ὁλῶν πάσα καλὰ  
πεντήκοντα δ' ἑκαστα' ἡνέμοιο δ' οὐ γίνεται αὐτῶν.

"And as many beautiful kidneys of sheep, fifty each, but you will not get their legs."

This boy deserves to be a son of the clergyman who after serving a long curacy in London was presented to a country living; and who thereon expressed his delight to a friend, and announced that he "should keep a sheep, and have kidneys every morning for breakfast." In all these specimens of the confusion that accompanies some boys in their school career, it is possible to see some glimmerings of an idea, some chance of letting in light, and doing something for mental ailments.

Boys, as I have already remarked, generally have a strong objection to showing off their literary acquirements. A few, however, have a taste for airing their style; and boys are rarely so amusing and absurd as when, whether by choice or compulsion, they make some literary efforts. In examination papers, questions on the character of men and women often produce queer answers, as for example—

Saul—anger, malice, changeability.  
Eli—quietness, regret, religious.  
David—bloodthirsty-religious feeling.



Again, the question, "Mention a prominent point in Cicero's character," produced this answer:—"1. Speech. 2. Orator. 3. Dictator." Another tells us that "Wolsey was liked by Henry VIII. because he did not mind drinking, dancing, and sinning." The Venerable Bede is a personage whose name has a way of getting mixed up with much doubtful matter. One boy has written that "The Venerable Bede was a historian, known in his own day, from his extreme antiquity, as Adam Bede." Here again is a puzzle: "The country was called Latium with regard to its breadth; Italia with regard to its length."

Here is another communication from friends in council:

Q. "What is the difference between a strong and weak verb?"

Ans. "You use a weak verb, when you are not quite sure of the truth of what you say; but you use a strong verb when you are perfectly sure, and wish to be emphatic."

Here are two more Scripture characters, the author of which seems to have taken moral and physical peculiarities in combination:—"Naaman was a good man, but he had a bad temper and was a leper." "Hezekiah was a pious man, but he had a very weak heart."

The following literary effort is from a theme on English poetry:—

"English poetry consists of lines put together so that they come in rhyme, and have the same number of syllables in each line; but there is another kind of poetry called prose, which has lines of different lengths, and different numbers of syllables in each line." This is rather rough on Mr. Walt Whitman, and the latter part of the definition might have been prompted by a study of the "nonsense rhymes in blank verse," with which a famous living comic dramatist is credited:—

"There was a young man of St. Bees,  
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;  
When they said Did it hurt?  
He replied No it didn't,  
But I thought all the time 'twas a hornet."

Another boy seriously wrote down the following, on the same subject:—"Poetry may be divided into two kinds, the comic and the holy." A literary light of my own tending thus discourses on primitive deacons: "A deacon then was a very different thing to what it is now. He was a kind of sexton, and looked after the church." Mr. Spurgeon complained on one occasion that his deacons were worse than the devil. Resist the devil and he will fly from you; but resist a deacon and he will fly at you. This is even harder upon them than the dictum of my pupil. Perhaps the best specimen of a literary effort that ever came into my hands was produced by an invitation to write a theme upon assassination. Thus it goes off: "Assination is an awful crime, and if not found out during the assin's life, he will meet his reward some day. The last assination which has been committed is of a very awful description, committed by some Nihilists on the Czar of Russia."

The following is a confusing piece of classical dictionary work. "Orestes, Alcæon, and Edipus, were the three mothers of Thebes; he was born by Edipus, who afterwards killed her husband; they were all matricides." "The world perched on the shoulder of Atlas," is not a very happy expression for Ovid's *sederat*, nor does Hom. *Il.* ii. 156 εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίῃ Ἥρα πρὸς μύθον ἔειπεν appear to mean, "Had not Hera made a speech in the Athenian language." *Cæna caput erat*, &c., was a short time ago in my hearing translated, "He was drunk in the head." A conscientious but not very successful attempt, too, was this, *Pari felicitate se gessit*, "He waged himself with Parian felicity." An odd mixture of ideas is suggested by putting "Peace was concluded" into Latin thus, *Pax debellata est*. *Undantia aena* is oddly translated "The surging pot."

In one sense the schoolboy considers that quality is better than quantity: for he plays fast and loose with the

quantities of syllables in a way that is at times appalling. Most pedagogues are accustomed to hear *Lycoris* turned into liquorice; and some have heard what has more than once come to my ears, *flumine languido Cockytus errans*. It is odd that boys almost invariably make the greatest number of excruciating false quantities when just let loose upon Horace. Words that they would probably pronounce correctly, in Livy or Cicero, they horribly illtreat when first coming across them in lyrics. I remember in my schooldays a bet being made with a great offender in this matter, that he would mispronounce three words in the first line of the ode he was called on to say by rote. His scholarship would not have won him his bet, but a wily cunning did. He boldly began, "*Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume,*" and so escaped with only two false quantities.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot," in one sense is not one of the pedagogue's functions; but "making shots," is always a favourite device of the boy; a device leading to a few happy escapes, and to more lamentable falls. Here are a few instances of the sort of thing that happens when skirmishing begins in the scholastic warfare. Q. "In what other phrase in the Old Testament does the word 'ark' occur besides the Ark of the Tabernacle?" A. "Archangel." Q. "What was a satyr?" A. "A Roman nymph." Q. "Who at Rome wore the Latus Clavus?" A. "Those who had the right of admission to the Cloaca Maxima." One of my boys, coming across a couple of proper nouns that wanted explanation in an examination paper, made an ill-assorted pair of them—"Thalia is the Muse of Poetry. Hister is the Muse of History." "What do you mean," I said to a small boy once, "by saying of a man that he drinks the waters of Lethe?" "That he is fond of beer," was the immediate reply. Again, the question, "Explain the expression, 'The plummet of the house of Ahab,'" elicited the two fol-

lowing responses: (1) "The direct line of his descent;" (2) "A family heirloom." A few days ago I was examining a class *vivâ voce* on the book of Exodus, and we had mentioned On as the seat of the priesthood. On asking a minute or two afterwards what the Egyptians principally worshipped, I was promptly answered, "Onions." Rarely does the youthful mind so freely indulge in the propensity to making shots as when a question is asked relative to a figure of speech. The air becomes thick with hazardous conjectures of zeugma, hendiadys, asyndeton, &c. A climax was once reached amongst my boys when a hopeful tried his last chance with, "Hoteron-proteron!"

The boy decidedly has not a fine perception of humour. Let no pedagogue dream that his choicest witticisms are really appreciated. For ulterior purposes they are frequently received with great laughter. But the average boy is not really tickled by that which most provokes the amusement of his betters. Two things, however, excite his genuine mirth. One, a bodily slip, fall, or accident happening to one of his fellows; or, still better, to his master. The other, a chance allusion to the name or nickname of some boy in his form; still better, again, to the name or nickname of the master of the form. Thus, not long since at a concert at a well-known public school, a song containing an allusion to beetles was received with the greatest applause, because "beetle" was the nickname of one of the masters who happened to be present. These are things that always cause the boy to give way to inextinguishable laughter. On the other hand, many mistakes which most tend to upset the gravity of masters he regards as boring incidents, useful only by way of occupying time, and postponing inconvenient questions.

There is no danger of the above specimens of boys' blunders and eccentricities being taken too much au

*grand sérieux.* For professed pedagogues they may perhaps provide a little amusement; and possibly they may in a very small degree serve a useful purpose in warning the man of educational theories only that school-boys are not so ready as is sometimes imagined to hand over their brains for a master to exercise and pull about as he wishes. On the contrary, they are very jealous of attempts on the part of outsiders to get hold of those commodities. They much prefer secreting them in inaccessible corners of the skull, and putting them to work only for their own purposes; whether those purposes be the reading of the lightest literature, the calculation of their own or a rival's batting average and bowling analysis, or the concocting of mischief. They are not eager for knowledge, nor do they thirst for truth. Their ambition is commonly confined to the prospects of going into the army or navy, or farming and enjoying sport over their own land.

For a long time yet educational controversies are likely to go on. On one field has to be decided the relative value of education and instruction; on another, of classical and modern systems. Though the present is said to be a transition stage, and though it is confidently asserted that our old established system is slowly but surely giving place to the new, yet it cannot be said that the signs of the times very greatly encourage that hope. It might have been expected, from the nature of the case, that we should see the publication of Science Primers in far greater quantity than we did years ago; and so we do. But at the same time still greater is the increase of classical school-books. The editions of separate books of Homer and Virgil, of separate Greek plays, of speeches of Cicero and dialogues of Plato, are in immensely greater quantity than they were twenty years ago. And the same may be said of complete editions of classical authors, and of grammars and

dictionaries. If the old dog is indeed dying he shows a surprising amount of vigour in his last hours. Neither side is at all likely to prove its point for the present, and to silence its opponents with a triumphant Q. E. D. But out of the controversy it may fairly be hoped that much good is coming. The professed pedagogue is invited to consider his system not as a revelation direct from above, but as a human ordinance, pronounced by many very superior human beings to be radically wrong and intensely stupid. Whether he arrives at the same conclusion or not, it will probably do him a great deal of good to overhaul his system, and when he finds his methods faulty to correct them according to his lights. And it is possible that those who attack the present system will modify the strength of their opinions when they see that the heads of our great schools (who are certainly not, as a body of men, to be justly accused of bigotry or narrowness), are able to go only a short way with them in their proposed reforms. The man of theory will always continue to think and speak of the professed pedagogue as a "gerund-grinder," who will not abandon "that intensely stupid custom, the teaching of grammar to children;" and the professed pedagogue points to the man of theory as an "irrational flabby monster." In both cases, no doubt, considerable injustice is done. Some pedagogues have listened with respect, for example, to the *dictum*, "It may, without hesitation be affirmed that grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument," and have modified their methods accordingly. In the matter of Greek I have seen the results in the case of decidedly intelligent pupils—results, simply deplorable and irremediable. But if the systems and methods of the professional are such as to irritate the lay educationalist, some of the tenets of the layman are equally irritating to the professional man, who after inheriting a

system and practising it has honestly found that, in his opinion, it answers its purpose. And it is especially irritating to see how in appraising "the relative value of knowledge," an immense amount is said in favour of such sciences as chemistry, botany, anatomy, and comparatively little in favour of literature; and how it seems to be assumed that true religion is fostered by observation and study of the Creator's works as manifested in matter, much more than by the study of His highest work—the mind of man. By some it would seem to be held that the conformation of Shakespeare's skull is a thing of equal interest with the productions of his brain; the history of the earth's crust as engrossing as the history of those for whom the earth's crust was made; the study of human character on a par only with that of the limbs of a frog or the digestive process in an insectivorous vegetable. Man possesses nothing more interesting than his language; but according to some, it would seem that that is the one thing about him undeserving of analysis.

If it be, however, the pedagogue's misfortune that he is obliged to a very great extent to go on with the educational system as he has found it, it is his boast that he has the best right to speak of boys as he finds them.

Whether he believes them to be subjects fitter for scientific than for classical, for modern than for old-fashioned education, one thing he will certainly find out by experience, viz., that the quality of education is like that of mercy, blessing him that gives and him that takes; that there is in it a *quid pro quo* of considerable value, to be derived not only from the diversions, many and various, which play-hours and school-hours afford, but also from the contemplation of British schoolboys' many various and good points. Their thoughtlessness leads to many objectionable traits and habits, as for example cruelty, disobedience, mischief; all that which Americans so happily sum up in the expression "pure cussedness." On the other hand they are open and generous, good-tempered in spite of much to try the temper, very affectionate both to persons and places, at home and at school, forgiving everything in their pastors and masters except partiality and injustice, and at bottom, if they can be induced to reflect, kind-hearted, and considerate. That pedagogue, I think, is less adorned with graces than average English boys, who cannot say of them, "with all their faults I love them still."

J. H. RAVEN, M.A.

*Beccles.*

## CARLYLE'S EDINBURGH LIFE.

## PART III.

FROM 1822 TO 1824: *ætat.* 27-29.

By Carlyle's own account, and still more distinctly by the evidence of other records, the beginning of the year 1822 was marked by a break in his hitherto cloudy sky. How much of this is to be attributed to the continuance of the change of mental mood which, on Mr. Froude's authority, has to be dated from June, 1821, and associated with the Leith Walk revelation of that month, one can hardly say. Fortunately, one finds causes of an external kind that must have contributed to the result.

One was the Charles Buller engagement. Carlyle's dating of this very important event in his life is rather hazy. In his *Reminiscences* he gives us to understand that, after his parting with Irving at the Black Bull in Edinburgh, just before the Christmas of 1821, he lost sight of Irving altogether for a while, and was chagrined by Irving's silence. He thought their correspondence had come to an end, accounted for the fact as well as he could by remembering in what a bustle and turmoil of new occupation Irving was then involved in London, and only came to know how faithful his friend had been to him all the while when the Buller tutorship at 200*l.* a year emerged, "in the spring and summer of 1822," as the product of Irving's London exertions in his behalf. In reading this account, one fancies Irving already established in London. In fact, however, as Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving* makes clear, Irving's journey from the Black Bull to London in December 1821 had been on a trial-visit only. He was back in Glasgow early in February 1822—whence, on the 9th of

that month, he wrote a long letter to his "dear and lovely pupil," Miss Jane Welsh, sending it under cover to his friend "T. C." in Edinburgh, because he was not sure but *she* might be then in Edinburgh too; and it was not till July 1822, and after some difficult negotiation, that Irving, ordained by his native Presbytery of Annan, took his farewell of Glasgow and the West of Scotland, and settled in London definitely. The good turn he had done Carlyle, in the matter of the Buller tutorship, must have been done, therefore, in his preliminary London visit of January 1822, within a month after his parting from Carlyle at the Black Bull, and before Carlyle's cigars, if Irving had taken them with him, could have been smoked out. It must have been in those January weeks of his probationary preachings before the Hatton Garden people that Irving, moving about as a new Scottish lion in the drawing-room of the English Stracheys of the India House, was introduced to Mrs. Strachey's sister, Mrs. Buller, and, after some meetings with that lady, helped her in a "domestic intricacy." This was that her eldest son, Charles Buller, a very clever and high-spirited boy, of about fifteen years of age, "fresh from Harrow," but too young to go to Cambridge, was somewhat troublesome, and she and her husband were at a loss what to do with him. Irving's advice had been to send the boy for a session or two to the University of Edinburgh, and to secure for him there the private tutorship and guardianship of a certain young literary man, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, whom Irving knew thoroughly and could highly recommend. Mrs. Buller must have been a rapid lady, for the thing was arranged almost at once. Carlyle had been communicated with; and he had



accepted the tutorship on the terms stipulated by Irving. It must have been on an early day in the spring of 1822 that he made that call at the house of the Rev. Dr. Fleming in George Square, to receive his new pupil, Charles Buller, with Charles's younger brother Arthur, on their arrival in Edinburgh, and had that first walk with them by the foot of Salisbury Crags, and up the High Street from Holyrood, of which there is such pleasant mention in the *Reminiscences*. Dr. Fleming, a fellow-contributor with Carlyle to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, and a much respected old clergyman of Edinburgh, had interested himself greatly in Irving's London prospects, and tried to smooth the way for him by letters to London friends, and it was in his house in George Square that the two English boys were to board, Carlyle coming to them daily from his lodgings in Moray Place, Pilrig Street. He had already, before the arrival of the boys, he tells us, entered Charles Buller in Dunbar's "third Greek class" in the University. The information agrees with the University records; for in the matriculation-book of the session 1821-22 I find one of the very latest matriculations to have been that of "Charles Buller, Cornwall," and I find him to have been all but the last student enrolled for that session in Dunbar's senior class. This of itself would imply that Carlyle's tutorship of the boys must have begun in February, 1822; for, as the University session ends in the beginning of April, it would have hardly been worth while to enroll the young Buller in a class after February. The tutorship was a settled thing, therefore, while Irving was still in Glasgow, and it had been going on for some months before Irving's permanent removal to London. Carlyle himself seems to have become aware of the haziness of his dating of the transaction; for he inserts, by way of after-thought, a dim recollection of one or two sights of Irving somewhere shortly after the

Black Bull parting, and of talks with him about the Buller family while the tutorship was in its infancy. Anyhow, the Buller tutorship, with its 200*l.* a year, was "a most important thing" to Carlyle in "the economies and practical departments" of his life at the time; and he owed it "wholly to Irving." The two boys, Charles Buller especially, took to their new tutor cordially at once, and he cordially to them; and there were no difficulties. In the classics, indeed, and especially in Greek, Charles Buller, fresh from his Harrow training, was far his superior; but he could do his duty by both the boys by getting up their Latin and Greek lessons along with them, teaching them as much mathematics as they would learn, and guiding them generally into solid reading, inquiry, and reflection.

Another gleam of sunshine in Carlyle's life early in 1822, or what ought to have been such, was the correspondence with Haddington. Since the visit of the previous June that had gradually established itself, till it had become constant, in the form of "weekly or oftener sending books, &c., &c.," with occasional runs down to Haddington in person, or sights of Miss Welsh with her mother in Edinburgh. How far matters had gone by this time does not distinctly appear; but there is some significance in the fact that Irving, writing from Glasgow to Miss Welsh, immediately after his return from the trial-preachings before the Hatton Garden congregation in London, had sent the letter through "T. C." The impression made by that letter, as it may be read in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving*, certainly is that Irving's own feelings in the Haddington quarter were still of so tender a kind that the advancing relations of "T. C." to the "dear and lovely pupil" were not indifferent to him. Doubtless there were obstacles yet in the way of any definite engagement between Carlyle and the young lady who was heiress of Craigen-

puttock—criticisms, of relatives and others, who “saw only the outside of the thing”; but the young lady “had faith in her own insight,” as she afterwards told Miss Jewsbury, and was likely to act for herself. Meanwhile, to be “aiding and directing her studies,” and to have a kind of home at Haddington when he chose to go there on a Saturday, was surely a tinge of gold upon the silver of the Buller tutorship.

Moreover, Carlyle's occupations of a literary kind were becoming more numerous and congenial. “I was already getting my head a little up,” he says, “translating *Legendre's Geometry* for Brewster; my outlook somewhat cheerfuller.” All through the preceding year, it appears from private letters, he had been exerting himself indefatigably to find literary work. Thus, in a letter of date March 1821 to an old college friend: “I have had “about twenty plans this winter in “the way of authorship; they have “all failed. I have about twenty “more to try; and, if it does but “please the Director of all things to “continue the moderate share of health “now restored to me, I will make the “doors of human society fly open before “me yet, notwithstanding. My *petards* “will not burst, or make only *noise* “when they do. I must mix them “better, plant them more judiciously; “they shall burst, and do execution “too.”<sup>1</sup> Again, in a letter of the very next month: “I am moving “on, weary and heavy-laden, with “very fickle health, and many discomforts,—still looking forward to “the future (brave future!) for all the “accommodation and enjoyment that “render life an object of desire. *Then* “shall I no longer play a candle-snuffer's part in the great drama; “or, if I do, my salary will be raised.”<sup>2</sup> From Mr. Froude we learn that one of the burst petards of 1821 had been the proposal to a London publishing

firm of a complete translation of Schiller's works. That offer having been declined, with the twenty others of which Carlyle speaks, the only obvious increase of his literary engagements at the time of the beginning of the Buller tutorship in 1822—beyond the hack-contributorship to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, which had been going on since 1820—consisted, it would appear, in that connexion with the *New Edinburgh Review* of which mention has been already made, and in the translation of *Legendre* which he had undertaken for Brewster. But there was more in the background. There is an important significance in the fact that his second contribution to the *New Edinburgh Review*, published in April 1822, when the Buller tutorship had just begun, was an article on Goethe's *Faust*. The German readings which had been going on so assiduously since 1819 had borne abundant fruit privately in Carlyle's mind; and he was now absorbed in a passion for German literature. Schiller, Goethe, and Jean Paul, but especially for the present the two former, were the demigods of his intellectual worship, the authors in whose works, rather than in those of any of the same century in France or Britain, he found suitable nutriment for his own spirit. He had proposed, we see, to translate the whole of Schiller. Of his studies in Goethe and their effects we have a striking commemoration in the passage of his *Reminiscences* where he tells of that “windless, Scotch-misty, Saturday night,” apparently just about our present date, when, having finished the reading of “Wilhelm Meister,” he walked through the deserted streets of Edinburgh almost in a state of agitation over the grandeurs, the depths of novelty and wisdom, he had found in that book. Henceforth, accordingly, he had a portion of his literary career definitely marked out for him. Whatever else he was to be, there was work enough before him for a while in translation from the German and commentary on

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ireland's copies of early Carlyle Letters, in Mr. Conway's *Memoir*, p. 185.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

the great German writers for the behoof of the British public. There were but three or four men in Britain competent for that business, and he was one of them.

The translation of *Legendre's Geometry* for Brewster deserves a passing notice. Though not published till 1824,—when it appeared, from the press of Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh, as an octavo of nearly 400 pages, with the title *Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry; with Notes. Translated from the French of A. M. Legendre, Member of the Institute, &c. Edited by David Brewster, LL.D., &c. With Notes and Additions, and an Introductory Essay on Proportion*,—it was begun by Carlyle in 1822, and continued to occupy him through the whole of that year. His authorship of this Translation remained such a secret, or had been so forgotten, that the late Professor De Morgan, specially learned though he was in the bibliography of mathematics, did not know the fact, and would hardly believe it, till I procured him the evidence. It was one day in or about 1860, if I remember rightly, and in the common room of University College, London, that De Morgan, in the course of the chats on all things and sundry which I used to have there with him, and with my other colleague in the college, dear old Dr. Sharpey, adverted to the Legendre book. He knew, he said, that Brewster himself could not have done the translation; but, had always been under the impression that the person employed by Brewster had been a certain Galbraith, a noted teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh. Recently, however, he had heard Carlyle named as the man; and, being very doubtful on the point, he wanted very much to be certain. To back my own statement, I undertook to obtain an *affidavit* from head-quarters. "Tell De Morgan," said Carlyle, when I next saw him, "that every word of the book is mine, and that I got 50*l.* for the job from Brewster; which was then "of some consideration to me." He

went on to speak, very much as he does in the *Reminiscences*, of the prefixed little Essay on Proportion, retaining a fond recollection of that section of the book,—begun and finished, he says, on "a happy forenoon (Sunday, I fear)" in his Edinburgh lodgings, and never seen again since he had revised the proof,—as really a kind of feat in the way of mathematical exposition. De Morgan, who had some correspondence on the subject with Carlyle after I had conveyed Carlyle's message, paid the Essay a compliment, in his subsequent *Budget of Paradoxes*, by calling it "as good a substitute for the Fifth Book of Euclid as could be given in speech"; and a glance at the Essay in the volume itself will confirm the opinion. It fills eight printed pages, among the sixteen with Roman paging prefixed to Legendre's text, and may therefore have been done after the text; and it consists of but four definitions and three theorems, wound up with these concluding sentences:—"By means of "these theorems, and their corollaries, "it is easy to demonstrate, or even to "discover, all the most important facts "connected with the doctrine of proportion. The facts given here will "enable the student to go through "these Elements [Legendre's] without "any obstruction on that head."—The Translation of *Legendre*, with this Essay on Proportion, was Carlyle's farewell to mathematics. To the end of his life, however, he would talk with great relish of mathematical matters. Once, in the vicinity of Sloane Street, when I was telling him of a geometrical problem which Dr. Chalmers had confided to me, with the information that he had been working at it all his life and had never accomplished the solution, Carlyle became so eager as to make me stop and draw a diagram of the problem on the pavement. Having thus picked up the notion of it, he branched out, in the most interesting manner, as we walked on, into talk and anecdote about mathematics and mathematicians, with

references especially to Leslie, West, Robert Simson, and Pappus. A marked similarity of character between Carlyle and Chalmers was discernible in the fact that they both avowed a strong personal preference for the old pure geometry over the more potent modern analytics. "In geometry, sir, you are dealing with the *ipsissima corpora*," Chalmers used to say; and Carlyle's feeling seems to have been something of the same.

There was a variation of Carlyle's Edinburgh existence, not altogether disagreeable, when the seniors of the Buller family followed the two boys, and made Edinburgh for some time their residence. They took up house in India Street, giving dinners there to ex-Indians and others, and seeing a good deal of company; and Carlyle, while continuing his lessons to young Charles and Arthur, was thus a good deal in India Street, observing new society, and becoming acquainted with Mr. Buller, senior, the sprightly Mrs. Buller, and their third and youngest child, Reginald. As he makes this advent of the Bullers to Edinburgh to have been "towards the autumn" in 1822, just when Irving had gone to London for good, we are able to connect it with another advent. It was on the 15th of August 1822, after weeks of enormous expectation, that George IV. arrived in Edinburgh, welcomed so memorably on board his yacht before landing by Sir Walter Scott; and thence to the 29th, when his Majesty took his departure, all Edinburgh was in that paroxysm of loyal excitement and Celtic heraldry and hubbub of which Sir Walter was the real soul and manager, and the best account of which is to be found in his *Life* by Lockhart. It is hardly a surprise to know that what the veteran Scott, with his great jovial heart, his Toryism, and his love of symbols, thus plunged into and enjoyed with such passionate avidity, tasking all his energies for a fortnight to make the business a triumphant success, the

moody young Carlyle, then a Radical to the core, fled from in unmitigated disgust. He tell us in his *Reminiscences* how, on seeing the placard by the magistrates of Edinburgh, a day or two before the King's arrival, requesting all the citizens to appear in the streets well-dressed on the day of his Majesty's entry, the men in "black coats and white duck trousers," he could stand it no longer, and resolved to be absent from the approaching "efflorescence of the flunkeyisms." The tutorial duties with the Bullers being naturally in abeyance at such a time, and rooms in Edinburgh so scarce that the use of Carlyle's was a most grateful gift to his merchant friends, Graham and Hope, who were to come from Glasgow for the spectacle, he himself was off for a run in Annandale and Galloway before his Majesty made his appearance, and did not return till all the hubbub of the fortnight was "comfortably rolled away." I have heard him describe this flight of his from George IV., and from the horrors of that fortnight of feastings, processionings, huzzaings, and bag-pipings, round his Majesty in Edinburgh, at more length and in greater detail than in the passage incidentally given to the subject in the *Reminiscences*; and one of the details may be worth relating:—On the first stage out of Edinburgh he put up for the night at some village inn. Even at that distance the "efflorescence of flunkeyisms" from which he had fled seemed to pursue him; for the talk of the people at the inn, and the very papers that were lying about, were of nothing but George IV. and the Royal Visit. Taking refuge at last in his bedroom, he was fighting there with his habitual enemy, sleeplessness, when, as if to make sleep absolutely impossible for that night at least, there came upon his ear from the next room, from which he was separated only by a thin partition, the moanings and groanings of a woman, in distress with toothache or some other pain. The "oh! oh!" from the next room had become louder

and louder, and threatened to be incessant through the whole night, so that each repetition of it became more and more insufferable. At last, having knocked to solicit attention, he addressed the invisible sufferer through the partition thus: "For God's sake, woman, be articulate. If anything can be done for you, be it even to ride ten miles in the dark for a doctor, tell me, and I'll do it; if not, endeavour to compose yourself." There ensued a dead silence, and he was troubled no more.

The Edinburgh University records show that "Charles Buller, Cornwall," matriculated again for the session 1822-3, (one of the very earliest students to matriculate that year, for he stands as No. 8 in a total of 2,071 matriculations), and that he attended the 2nd Latin class, under Professor James Pillans, who had succeeded Christison as Humanity Professor in 1820. A later name in the matriculation list (No. 836) is that of "Arthur Buller," who had not attended the University with his brother in the previous year, but now joined him in the 2nd Latin class, and also took out Dunbar's 2nd Greek class. In the same matriculation list of 1822-3 (No. 21), as entering the University for the first time, and attending Pillans's 2nd Latin class with the two Bullers, appears "John Carlyle, Dumfriesshire." This was Carlyle's younger brother, the future Dr. John Carlyle, translator of Dante, and the only other of the family who received a University education. He had been for some time a teacher in Annan School, in succession to his brother there; and, as he was to choose the medical profession, his present attendance in the Arts classes was but preliminary to attendance in the medical classes in the sessions immediately to follow. He lodged, as the *Reminiscences* tell us, with his brother, in the rooms in Moray Place, Pilrig Street.

The winter of 1822-3 was passed by Carlyle in the Edinburgh routine of his

daily walks from these rooms to the house of the Bullers in India Street, his tutorship of the two young Bullers and other intercourse with the Buller family and their guests, and his own German and other readings and literary occupations and schemings. It was in that winter, and not at the earlier date hazily assigned in the *Reminiscences*, that the cessation of correspondence with Irving became a matter of secret vexation to him, and he began to feel as if he and Irving were for ever separated. The good Irving, now in the full whirl of his activity with the Hatton Garden congregation and of the London notoriety to which that led, was too busy to write; and it was only by rumour, or by letters from others, that Carlyle heard of Irving's extraordinary doings and extraordinary successes in the metropolis, of the crowds that were flocking to hear him in the little Scotch chapel, and the stir he and his preachings were making in the London fashionable world. "People have their envies, their pitiful self-comparisons," says Carlyle, admitting that the real joy he felt at the vast and sudden effulgence of his friend into a fame commensurate with his powers was tempered by a sense of the contrast between himself, still toiling obscurely in Edinburgh, a "poor, suffering, handcuffed wretch," and the other Annandale fellow, now so free and glorious among the grandees on the Thames. There was, he adds, just a speck of another feeling,—of honest doubt whether Irving would be able to keep his head in the blaze of such enormous London popularity; whether he had strength enough to guide and manage himself in that huge element with anything like the steadiness, the earnest good sense, that had characterised the more massive and more simple-hearted Chalmers in Glasgow. This feeling, he seems to hint, was increased rather than lessened when Irving's first publication came into his hands,—the famous *Orations and Argument for Judgment to Come*, by which,



early in 1823, the cooler and more critical world were enabled to judge of the real substance of those pulpit-discourses which were so amazing the Londoners. Meanwhile, as Irving himself was still silent, Carlyle could only plod on at his own work. It seems to have been late in 1822, or early in 1823, that, having closed his contributions to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, and got the Legendre translation off his hands, he set himself to his *Life of Schiller*.

If, however, the *Life of Schiller* was begun in Edinburgh, it was not finished there. The University session of 1822-3 over, and the spring and summer of 1823 having come, the Bulls, with that aptitude for change of residence which characterises retired Indians and people with plenty of money, had removed to a country retirement at the mansion of Kinnaird in Perthshire, situated on the river Tay, some miles to the north of Dunkeld. Carlyle and his tutorship of young Charles and Arthur Buller had, accordingly, been transferred thither. He must have been there early in June 1823: for a letter of his is extant, dated from Kinnaird House on the 17th of that month, in which he describes his first sight of Dunkeld and its old cathedral, with Dunsinane Hill, and the position of old Birnam Wood in the neighbourhood, and his thoughts in these spots of "the immortal link-boy" that had made them famous. The same letter gives an interesting glimpse of his own mood in the first month of his Tayside residence with the Bulls. "Some time hence," he says to his correspondent, Thomas Mitchell, "when you are seated in your peaceful manse,—you at one side of the parlour fire, Mrs. M. at the other, and two or three little M.'s, fine chubby urchins, hopping about the carpet,—you will suddenly observe the door fly open, and a tall, meagre, careworn figure stalk forward, his grave countenance lightened by unusual smiles in the certainty of

"meeting a cordial welcome. This knight of the rueful visage will, in fact, mingle with the group for a season, and be merry as the merriest, though his looks are sinister. I warn you to make provision for such emergencies. In process of time I too must have my own peculiar hearth; wayward as my destiny has hitherto been, perplexed and solitary as my path of life still is, I never cease to reckon on yet paying scot and lot on my own footing."<sup>1</sup> From the *Reminiscences*, where we learn that he was at this time persevering with his *Life of Schiller*, we have his later recollection of those summer and autumn months, and on into late autumn, in Kinnaird House. "I was nightly working at the thing in a serious, sad, and totally solitary way. My two rooms were in the old mansion of Kinnaird, some three or four hundred yards from the new, and on a lower level, overshadowed with wood. Thither I always retired directly after tea, and for most part had the edifice all to myself,—good candles, good wood fire, place dry enough, tolerably clean, and such silence and total absence of company, good or bad, as I never experienced before or since. I remember still the grand *sough* of those woods, or, perhaps, in the stillest times, the distant ripple of the Tay. Nothing else to converse with but this and my own thoughts, which never for a moment pretended to be joyful, and were sometimes pathetically sad. I was in the miserablest dyspeptic health, uncertain whether I ought not to quit on that account, and at times almost resolving to do it,—far away from all my loved ones. My poor Schiller, nothing considerable of a work even to my own judgment, had to be steadily persisted in as the only protection and resource in this inarticulate huge wilderness, actual and symbolical."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ireland's copies of Carlyle Letters, in *Conway*, pp. 192, 193.

<sup>2</sup> *Reminiscences*, i. 203, 209.

It is a relief from these complaints to be able to insert a fact in Carlyle's biography which appears but indistinctly in his gloomy memories of the months thus passed at Kinnaird. It was in October 1823 that the first part of *Schiller's Life and Writings* appeared, without the author's name, in the then celebrated LONDON MAGAZINE of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. It was the most important of the metropolitan magazines of that time, counting among its contributors, since its foundation in 1820, such writers as Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, Hamilton Reynolds, Bryan Waller Procter, Thomas Noon Talfourd, young Thomas Hood, and De Quincey. The admission of Carlyle into such company, the opening of such a London connexion at last, ought to have been some gratification to him in his reclusive life at Kinnaird; and, doubtless, it was so, to a far greater extent than he could remember when he wrote the *Reminiscences*. He does vaguely mention there that, though his own judgment of the merits of his performance was not very high, he had compliments from the editor of the magazine,—i.e., we must suppose, from Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who were their own editors, unless indeed young Thomas Hood, who was a kind of assistant editor, was the medium of the communication. What is more important is that the *Life of Schiller*, if not all in the editor's hands complete when the first part appeared, must have been reported as complete, or as approaching completeness, in Carlyle's own hands at Kinnaird. This, accordingly, fixes October 1823, or thereabouts, as the date of his passing on from *Schiller* to the new work which he had prescribed for himself as a sequel, viz., the *Translation of the Wilhelm Meister*. It must have been in one of those nocturnal sittings in the late autumn of 1823 in the old Mansion of Kinnaird, amid "the grand *sough* of those woods" outside, when his Schiller manuscript lay

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finished beside him, and he had Goethe before him, that there happened that "Tragedy of the Night-Moth" which he has commemorated in one of his metrical fragments—

"'Tis placid midnight; stars are keeping  
Their meek and silent course in heaven;  
Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,  
All mortal things to sleep are given.

But see! a wandering night-moth enters,  
Allured by taper gleaming bright;  
A while keeps hovering round, then ventures  
On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing;  
A universe of fire it seems  
To moth—*sarcante* with rapture gazing,  
Or fount whence life and motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,  
Hopes boundless, adoration, dread!  
At length, her tiny pinions twirling,  
She darts, and,—puff!—the moth is dead."

It is Carlyle's own distinct statement in the *Reminiscences* that Irving had encouraged him in the *Life of Schiller*, and had "prepared the way" for it in the LONDON MAGAZINE. How is this to be reconciled with his repeated references to the total cessation of correspondence between himself and Irving from the date of Irving's definite settlement in London to that week, "late in autumn 1823," when Irving, having married Miss Martin of Kirkcaldy, was on his marriage-journey with her in Scotland, and generously determined to pass near Kinnaird, so as to pick up his old friend and have a day or two of his society? One might have thought that it was in this renewed meeting of the two friends in Irving's honeymoon jaunt that there came from Irving the suggestion of the LONDON MAGAZINE as a place for the *Schiller*, or the intimation that he had already arranged for it and knew it would be welcome there. This supposition, however, will not cohere with the date of Irving's marriage. It took place at Kirkcaldy on the 13th of October 1823, after the number of the LONDON MAGAZINE containing the first part of the *Schiller*

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had been out a fortnight; and Irving's marriage-tour in Scotland lasted through the rest of that month and the whole of November. There must, therefore, have been renewed correspondence between Irving and Carlyle, with arrangements about the *Schiller*, some while before October 1823, though Carlyle's memory had become hazy about that matter too. It is pleasant to be sure of the main fact,—which is that it was to the ever-friendly Irving that Carlyle owed this second great service of his introduction to the LONDON MAGAZINE, just as he had already owed him the Buller tutorship.

The winter of 1823-4 seems to have been wholly passed at Kinnaird. At least, there was no re-appearance of the Bullers in Edinburgh that winter, and no re-attendance that winter of Charles Buller or his brother Arthur in any of the classes of Edinburgh University. What we gather from the *Reminiscences* is that, towards the end of the winter, the Bullers had begun to weary of Kinnaird life, and indeed of life in Scotland, and were meditating a return to England, possibly for ultimate settlement in Cornwall, but certainly with a view to London as their intermediate headquarters. He hints also that they had by this time been a good deal exercised by the moodiness and miserable bad health of the strange tutor they had domiciled with them, and whom they respected and admired so much. Might it not be the best arrangement that he should go for a month or two to his native Annandale to recruit his health, and then rejoin them in London, there again to take charge of his pupils?

Taking leave of Kinnaird with that understanding, Carlyle, it appears, rode either directly thence, or very soon afterwards from his father's house at Mainhill, all the way to Edinburgh, to consult a doctor as to his dyspepsia. Was it chronic, and incurable except by regimen? or could it be removed by medical treatment? "*It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco,*"

was the physician's answer; on which Carlyle's comment is that, having instantly and absolutely followed the advice, and persevered for "long months" in total abstinence from tobacco, without the slightest sign of improvement, he came to the conclusion that he might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured his sorrows into the "long, hairy ear of the first jackass" he met, as have made that ride to Edinburgh to consult the great authority. This story of the tobacco consultation, with the irreverent comparison of medical wisdom on that subject to the "hairy ear of a jackass," was a favourite one with Carlyle in later days. I have heard it from him several times with two additions to what appears in the *Reminiscences*. One was that, the doctor having asked him whether he *could* give up tobacco, "Give it up, sir?" he replied; "why, I can cut off my left hand with an axe, if *that* should be necessary!" The other was an account of his months of probation of the new no-tobacco regimen. The account took the form of a recollection of himself as staggering for months from tree-trunk to tree-trunk in a metaphorical wood, tobaccoless and dreary, without one symptom of benefit from his self-denial, till at last, sinking at the foot of one of the tree-trunks, and seeing a long clay and a tobacco-pouch providentially lying on the turf, he exclaimed, "I will endure this diabolical farce and delusion no longer," and had a good smoke then and there once more, in signal of reverting for ever to his old comfort. Tobacco and a very little good brandy, he used to maintain to the end of his life, were the only two drugs in the whole pharmacopœia that he had found of any real utility to the distressed human organism.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan before he came to Edinburgh University. His father, he told me, was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so

It was during the two or three spring months of 1824, spent at Mainhill in Dumfriesshire, under the care of that "best of nurses and of hostesses," his mother, that the *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* was finished. It was in the June of the same year that, having revised the proofs of the three volumes of that book for Messrs. Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh, who had agreed to be the publishers, as they were also of his translation of *Legendre's Geometry*, and having run up to Edinburgh himself with the last proofs and the preface, and received from Messrs. Oliver and Boyd 180*l.* for the labour, and having taken a farewell at Haddington the purport of which may be guessed, he embarked in the Leith smack that was to carry him to London. He was then in his twenty-ninth year, and it was his first visit to the Great Babylon. The second part of his *Life of Schiller* had appeared in the number of the LONDON MAGAZINE for January, 1824; but the

rest had still to be published, and would probably appear in the magazine when he was himself in London and had formed personal acquaintance with the editorial powers. Copies of the *Wilhelm Meister* from the press of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd would follow him from Edinburgh; and it would thus be as the anonymous author of the *Life of Schiller* and of the *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* that he would first step into London literary society. For the rest, his prospects were utterly undefined. Whether he should remain in London permanently, or return to Scotland, depended on events not yet calculable. All that was certain was that the Buller tutorship would still be his anchorage for a time in London, as it had been for the last two years in Scotland, and that he had Irving's house for his London home so long as he might choose. It was, in fact, to Irving's house in Myddelton Terrace, Islington, where Irving and his wife were living as a newly-married couple, that Carlyle was to steer himself after the Leith smack had landed him in London river.

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From this point there is a break of two years and four months in Carlyle's life, during which he had nothing to do with Edinburgh. From the *Reminiscences* and other records, the incidents of that interval may be filled in briefly thus:—

NINE MONTHS IN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM (*June, 1824—March, 1825*).—Residing with the Irvings at Islington, or in lodgings near them, Carlyle in those months made his first acquaintance with London, and with various persons in it of greater or less note. Introduced at once to the Stracheys, and to the then celebrated Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu of Bedford Square, it was through them, or otherwise directly or indirectly through Irving, that he saw something of Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Bryan Waller Procter, Crabb Robinson, and others of literary name, besides such commercial London Scots

thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of that allowance. Carlyle's allowance, in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much. Once, when the canister of "free-smoking York River" on his mantelpiece was nearly empty, he told me not to mind that, as he had "about half-a-stone more of the same upstairs."—Another tobacco anecdote of Carlyle, which I had from the late G. H. Lewes, may be worth a place here. One afternoon, when his own stock of "free-smoking York River" had come to an end, and when he had set out to walk with a friend (Lewes himself, if I recollect rightly), he stopped at a small tobacco-shop in Chelsea, facing the Thames, and went in to procure some temporary supply. The friend went in with him, and heard his dialogue with the shopkeeper. York River, having been asked for, was duly produced; but, as it was not of the right sort, Carlyle, while making a small purchase, informed the shopkeeper most particularly what the right sort was, what was its name, and at what wholesale place in the city it might be ordered. "O, we find that this suits our customers very well," said the man. "That may be, Sir," said Carlyle; "but you will find it best in the long run always to deal in the veracities." The man's impression seemed to be that the *veracities* were some peculiar curly species of tobacco, hitherto unknown to him.

of Irving's congregation as Sir Peter Laurie, Mr. William Hamilton, and Mr. Dinwiddie, and the young English manufacturing chemist, Mr. Badams of Birmingham. After Mrs. Strachey and the queenly Mrs. Basil Montagu, his most valued new friends in this list, he tells us, were Procter, Allan Cunningham, and Badams. This last, indeed, under pretext of putting him on a regimen that could cure his dyspepsia, lured him away to Birmingham for three months; which three months of residence with Badams in Birmingham, and of rambles with Badams hither and thither in Warwickshire and sights of Joe Parkes and other Birmingham notabilities, have to be interpolated therefore in the general bulk of the London visit. There was also a trip to Dover, in the company of the Stracheys and the Irvings, with a run of some of the party, Carlyle one of them, to Paris, for ten days of Parisian sight-seeing. Altogether, the London visit had been so successful that, when the tutorial engagement with the Bullers came to an end in the course of it,—which it did from the impossibility of an adjustment of Carlyle's views with Mrs. Buller's ever-changing plans,—the notion among his friends was that he could not do better than remain in London and take his chances as a London man of letters. The concluding portions of his *Schiller* had appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE during the first months of his visit; and before the end of 1825 the five portions into which the work had been cut up for magazine purposes had been gathered together, and published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey in the form of an octavo volume, with the title *The Life of Friedrich Schiller*, bringing the author 100*l.* It was during his stay in London also that he received his first communication from Goethe, in the form of a brief letter of thanks for a copy of the *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* which had been sent to Weimar some months before. But, though things seemed thus to conspire in favour of the detention of Carlyle

in London, he had made up his mind to the contrary; and in March 1825 he turned his back upon the great city, and was on his way once more to his native Dumfriesshire.

NINETEEN MONTHS OF DUMFRIES-SHIRE FARM-LIFE (*March 1825—October 1826*):—For about two months Carlyle was at his father's farm-house of Mainhill, near Ecclefechan, resting from his return-tour through England, and preparing for the adventure which he had planned. This was an attempt at tenant-farming on his own account in that neighbourhood. A letter of his to Mrs. Basil Montagu, of date May 20, 1825, is still from Mainhill; but on the 26th of that month he entered on the possession of the adjacent little farm of Hoddam Hill, which he had taken on lease from his father's landlord, General Sharpe, "a neat, compact little farm, rent 100*l.*," with "a prettyish-looking cottage" for dwelling-house. Here for a whole year he lived, nominally a tenant-farmer, as his father was, and close to his father, but in reality entrusting the practical farm-work to his brother Alick, while he himself, with his mother or one of his sisters for his house-keeper, delved a little for amusement, rode about for health, and pursued his studies and literary tasks—chiefly his projected translation of *Specimens of German Romance* for the bookseller Tait of Edinburgh. There were letters to and from his London friends; there was once a sight in Annan of poor Irving, whose London troubles and aberrations were by this time matters of public notoriety; there were visits to and from neighbours; but, on the whole, the year was one of industrious loneliness. Though he tells us but little of it, what he does tell us enables us to see that it was a most important and memorable year in his recollection. Perhaps in all Carlyle's life no other year is so important intrinsically; and it might be well to mark this fact by remembering it always in his biography by some such name as THE YEAR AT HODDAM HILL.—What



does he himself tell us? "I call that year idyllic," he says, "in spite of its russet coat." This is general; but he gives us vital particulars. It was the time, he distinctly tells us, of his complete spiritual triumph, his attainment once and for ever to that state of clear and high serenity, as to all the essentials of religion and moral belief, which enabled him to understand in his own case "what the old Christian people meant by *conversion*," and which he described afterwards, in the Teufelsdrückh manner, as the reaching of the harbour of the "Everlasting Yes" at last. The word *happiness* was no favourite one in Carlyle's vocabulary, with reference to himself at least; but he does not refuse even this word in describing his new mental condition through the year at Hoddam Hill. What he felt, he says, was the attainment of "a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant." Even his bodily health seemed to be improving; and the effect extended itself most manifestly to his temper and disposition towards others. "My thoughts were very peaceable," he says, "full of pity and humanity as they had never been before." In short, he was no longer the moody, defiant, mainly despondent and sarcastic Carlyle he had been, or had seemed to be to superficial observers, through the past Edinburgh days, but a calmer, wiser, and more self-possessed Carlyle, with the softest depths of tenderness under all his strength and fearlessness, —the Carlyle that he was to be recognised as being by all who knew him through the next twenty years of his life, and that indeed he continued to be essentially to the very end, despite the clouds and rages that would again gather round his demeanour more visibly in his later years, and the darkness of desolation in which his sun went down. To what agency does he attribute this "immense victory," as he calls it, which he had thus permanently gained over his own spirit

in this thirtieth year of his age passed at Hoddam Hill? "Pious musings, communings silent and spontaneous with Fact and Nature in those poor Annandale localities," —these, including the sound on Sundays of the Hoddam kirk-bell coming to him touchingly from the plain below, "like the departing voice of eighteen centuries," are mentioned as accounting for much, but not for all. "I then felt, and still feel, endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business. "He, in his fashion, I perceived, had "travelled the steep rocky road before "me, the first of the moderns." Not to be forgotten either, as that which tinged the year to perfection in its "idyllic" character, was the fitting across the scene of the presence that was dearest to him. His pledged bride, no longer at Haddington, but residing with her relatives in Nithsdale, made her first visit to his family in this year; they rode about together for ten days; and the future was arranged. After exactly one year at Hoddam Hill, a difference with General Sharpe, his father's landlord and his own, led to the giving up of the Hoddam farm and of the Mainhill farm at the same time, and to the transference of the whole Carlyle family to Scotsbrig, a much better farm, out of General Sharpe's territories, but still in the vicinity of Ecclefechan. This was in May 1826. At Scotsbrig, however, Carlyle remained little more than four months; for, "as turned out," he married and went to Edinburgh in the following October.

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#### AT COMELY BANK, EDINBURGH.

October 1826—May 1828: *ætat* 31—33.

Carlyle was now for the first time an Edinburgh householder. Comely Bank, where he had his domicile for the first eighteen months of his married life, is a single row of very neat houses, situated in a quiet road leading from the north-western

suburb of Edinburgh to Craigleith Quarry, and uniting itself there with the great Dean Road, which has started from the west end of the city at a considerably higher level. The houses lie back a little from the footpath, within railings, each house with its iron gate and little strip of flower-garden in front, while each has a larger bit of walled garden behind. The entire row,—though within a walk of two minutes from the dense suburb from which it is specially detached, and of not more than fifteen minutes from the fashionable heart of the city, by the steep slopes of streets ascending from that suburb,—has even yet a certain look of being out in the open, with fields before the windows, and a stretch of fields to the back; and fifty years ago there must have been less of incipient straggling of other buildings in the neighbourhood to interfere with that impression. There are exactly twenty houses in the row; but, as three numbers are skipped for some reason or other and the first house from the inner or town end is marked No. 4, the numbering reaches to twenty-three. Carlyle's house was No. 21, the last but two at the outer or country end of the row. His natural daily walks thence, when they were not into town, up the steep sloping streets spoken of, would be to Craigleith Quarry and the Corstorphine Hills, or past these on the great road towards Queensferry, or aside from that direction northwards to the beautiful shore of the Firth of Forth, with the fresh sea-breeze, between Cramond and Granton.

No contemporary record yet accessible gives so distinct a general idea of Carlyle's state of mind and mode of life during his eighteen months at Comely Bank as the following portion of a letter of his to Mrs. Basil Montagu, dated on Christmas day 1826, or just after he had settled there:—

Of my late history I need not speak, for you already know it: I am wedded; to the

best of wives, and with all the elements of enjoyment richly ministered to me, and health—rather worse than even it was wont to be. Sad contradiction! But I were no apt scholar if I had not learned long ago, with my friend Tieck, that “in the fairest sunshine a shadow chases us, that in the softest music there is a tone which chides.” I sometimes hope that I shall be well: at other times I determine to be *wise* in spite of sickness, and feel that wisdom is better even than health; and I dismiss the lying cozeners Hope entirely, and fancy I perceive that even the rocky land of Sorrow is not without a heavenly radiance overspreading it, lovelier than aught that this Earth, with all its joys, can give. At all events, what right have we to murmur? It is the common lot: the Persian King could not find three happy men in the wide world to write the names of on his queen's tomb, or the Philosopher would have recalled her from death. Every son of Adam has his task to toil at, and his stripes to bear for doing it wrong. There is one deadly error we commit at our entrance on life, and sooner or later we must lay it aside, for till then there is neither peace nor rest for us in this world: we all start, I have observed, with the tacit persuasion that, whatever become of others, *we* (the illustrious all-important *we*) are entitled of *right* to be *entirely fortunate*, to accumulate all knowledge, beauty, health, and earthly felicity in *our* sacred person, and to pass *our* most sovereign days in rosy bowers, with distress never seen by us, except as an interesting shade in the distance of our landscape. . . . But I must descend from life in general to life in Edinburgh. In spite of ill-health, I reckon myself moderately happy here, much happier than men usually are, or than such a fool as I deserves to be. My good wife exceeds all my hopes, and is, in truth, I believe, among the best women that the world contains. The philosophy of the heart is far better than that of the understanding. She loves me with her whole soul, and this one sentiment has taught her much that I have long been vainly at the schools to learn. Good Jane! She is sitting by me knitting you a purse: you must not cease to love her, for she deserves it, and few love you better. [Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Montagu had never yet met, but are here considered as already fast friends, through Carlyle's talks with each about the other.] Of society, in this Modern Athens, we have no want, but rather a superabundance; which, however, we are fast and successfully reducing down to the fit measure. True it is, one meets with many a Turk in grain among these people; but it is some comfort to know beforehand what Turks are, have been, and for ever will be, and to understand that from a Turk no Christian word or deed can rationally be expected. Let the people speak in the Turkish dialect, in Heaven's name! It is their own, and they have no other. A better class of persons, too, are to be found

here and there,—a sober, discreet, logic-loving, moderately well-informed class : with these I can talk and enjoy myself ; but only talk as from an upper window to people in the street ; into the house (of my spirit) I cannot admit them ; and the unwise wonderment they exhibit when I do but show them the lobby warns me to lose no time in again slamming-to [a Scotchism for violently shutting] the door. But what of society ? Round our own hearth is society enough, with a blessing. I read books, or, like the Roman poet and so many British ones, “disport on paper” ; and many a still evening, when I stand in our little flower-garden (it is fully larger than two bed-quilts) and smoke my pipe in peace, and look at the reflection of the distant city lamps, and hear the faint murmur of its tumult, I feel no little pleasure in the thought of “my own four walls” and what they hold. On the whole, what I chiefly want is occupation ; which, when “the times grow better” [it was that year of commercial crash which ruined Sir Walter Scott and so many others], or my own “genius” gets more alert and thorough-going, will not fail, I suppose, to present itself. Idle I am not altogether, yet not occupied as I should be ; for to dig in the mines of Plutus, and sell the gift of God (and such is every man’s small fraction of intellectual talent) for a piece of money, is a measure I am not inclined to ; and for *invention*, for Art of any sort, I feel myself too helpless and undetermined. Some day,—oh that the day were here !—I shall surely speak out those things that are lying in me, and give me no sleep till they are spoken ! Or else, if the Fates would be so kind as to show me—that I had nothing to say ! This, perhaps, is the real secret of it after all ; a hard result, yet not intolerable, were it once clear and certain. Literature, it seems, is to be my trade ; but the present aspects of it among us seem to me peculiarly perplexed and uninviting. I love it not : in fact, I have almost quitted modern reading : lower down than the Restoration I rarely venture in English. Those men, those Hookers, Bacons, Brownes, were *men* ; but, for our present “men of letters,” our dandy wits, our utilitarian philosophers, our novel, play, and sonnet manufacturers, I shall only say, May the Lord pity us and them ! But enough of this ! For what am I that I should censure ? Less than the least in Israel.

The mood here, though philosophic, pensive, and secretly critical, is on the whole even cheerful, and accords undeniably with what we should expect from his own statement as to the remarkable change of spirit, the triumphant self-conquest and dispersion of his old glooms and chagrins, that had been effected during the late idyllic year at Hoddam Hill, as well as from the

fact of his happy marriage at last. It accords also with all that I have been able to learn independently of Carlyle in those now distant days of his early married life. From two persons in particular I have had most intimate accounts of his habits and demeanour in the Comely Bank period. One was the late Rev. David Aitken, D.D., once minister of a Scottish country parish, but in the later part of his life resident in Edinburgh. He was a relative of Carlyle, and had seen a great deal of him and of Mrs. Carlyle privately, and at the tables of various friends, in those old Edinburgh days. His report was that perhaps the most observable thing about Carlyle then was the combination of extraordinary frankness, a habit of speaking out most strikingly and picturesquely whatever was in his mind, with the most perfect command of temper in meeting objections, evading attempted slights or provocations to anger, or changing the subject when opposition was becoming noisy, or the opponent was evidently a blockhead. Again and again Dr. Aitken had observed this, and wondered at his tact and suavity, especially when he had propounded something startling to commonplace people, and the expression on the faces of some of his auditors was, “Who are *you* that dare thus advance notions discomposing to your seniors !” To the same effect is the information I have had from a venerable friend of Carlyle in those days who still survives. He was most methodic in his arrangement of his time, this friend informs me, always reserving the solid hours of the day for his literary work in Comely Bank, but very accessible and sociable in the afternoons and evenings. To this friend I definitely put the question, “Was he gloomy and morose, or noted for asperity and sarcastic bitterness in talk ?” The answer was : “Not a bit ; the pleasantest and heartiest fellow in the world, and most excellent company.” It is evident that, whether from more smiling

circumstances, or from that drill in self-control which had been imposed upon him by his spiritual regeneration at Hoddam Hill, he was a considerably different being now, in his social demeanour and aspects, from what he had been some years before, when Margaret Gordon and Irving had thought it necessary to remonstrate with him on his fitful and forbidding manners with strangers. But, indeed, they mistake Carlyle utterly who do not know that to the end, with all his vehemence in indignation and invective, and with a stately dignity of manner which repelled too irreverent familiarity, and with which the most impudent did not dare to trifle, there was a vast fund in him of what could be described as the homeliest and most genial good-fellowship and the richest old Scottish heartiness. It was not only his faculty of humour,—though those who have never heard Carlyle's laugh, or known how frequently it would interrupt the gathered tempests of his verbal rage and dissipate them in sudden sunburst, can have no idea of his prodigious wealth in this faculty, or of the extent to which it contributed to the enjoyment and after-relish of every hour spent in his society. I have heard the echoes of Sloane Street ring with his great laugh many and many a night between ten and eleven o'clock, and more than once have had to stop by a lamp-post till the grotesque phrase or conception had shaken me to exhaustion in sympathy with him and the peal had ended. But better still was the proof of the depths of pleasant kindness in Carlyle's nature, his power of being actually happy himself and of making others happy, in some of those cosy evening hours I have spent with him,—“cosy” is the only name for them,—in the well-remembered dining-room in Chelsea. Then, both of us, or one of us, reclining on the hearth-rug, that the wreaths of pipe-smoke might innocently ascend the chimney, and Mrs. Carlyle seated near at some piece of work, and public questions laid aside

or his vehemences over them having already subsided for that evening, how comfortable he would be, how simple, how husbandly in his looks round to his wife when she interjected one of her bright and witty remarks, how happy in the flow of casual fireside chat about all things and sundry, the quoting of quaint snatches of ballad or lyric, or the resuscitation of old Scottish memories! This mood of pleasant and easy sociability, which always remained with him as one into which he could sink when he liked, out of his upper moods of wrath and lamentation, must have been even more conspicuous and common, more nearly habitual, in those Comely Bank days when he felt himself for the first time a full citizen and householder of the Modern Athens, and was not disinclined for friendly intimacy with the other Athenians. Then, as always, the basis of his nature was a profound constitutional sadness, a speculative melancholy, in the form of that dissatisfaction with all the ordinary appearances and courses of things, that private philosophy of protest and nonconformity, which made him really a recluse even when he seemed most accessible and frank. His talk with most of the Edinburgh people, even when apparently the friendliest, was therefore, as he told Mrs. Montagu, like talk from an upper window to people passing in the streets; and into the real house of his spirit few were admitted farther than the lobby. But he had at least disciplined himself into all the requisite observances of good-humoured courtesy, and learnt to practise in his own demeanour the maxim he had about this time thrown into verse:—

“The wind blows east, the wind blows west,  
And there comes good luck and bad:  
The thriftiest man is the cheerfulest;  
’Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad;  
’Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.”

What he lacked most, as he told Mrs. Montagu, was fit occupation. His four volumes of *Specimens of German Romance*, consisting of translations

from Muséus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, Jean Paul, and Goethe, with biographical and critical notices of these authors, had been lying already printed in Ballantyne's warehouses before he had settled in Comely Bank, and were published by Tait early in 1827. As they had been done originally on commission from Tait, they may have brought something more considerable in the way of payment than if they had been a voluntary labour. But, when these were out, what was he to do next? Fortunately, that question was soon answered.

It was in the spring of 1827 that, by means of a friendly letter of introduction sent from London by Mrs. Montagu's son-in-law, Procter, *alias* "Barry Cornwall," Carlyle formed his memorable acquaintance with Jeffrey. The incidents of that acquaintance, from Carlyle's first call on Jeffrey in George Street with Procter's note, when Jeffrey received him so kindly, and said "We must give you a lift," on to the ripening of the acquaintance by Jeffrey's calls at Comely Bank, his pretty gallantries and wit-encounters with the fascinating young bride, and the frequent colloquies and amicable little disputations between Jeffrey and Carlyle, in Jeffrey's leisurely rides to his country-house at Craigerook, or in that fine turreted old mansion itself, have all been immortalised in the *Reminiscences*. Nowhere is there such a sketch of Jeffrey in our literature, such a perfect portraiture and appreciation of that celebrated man; and the only question that remains is whether Carlyle has quite done justice there to Jeffrey's kindness to himself. No doubt he wrote with a strict conscience, and knew better what he was about than readers can now know for him. Still one does carry away an impression that very seldom has there been so much attention by a veteran celebrity of fifty-three years of age to a rising junior, or so much of care in

befriending him practically, as the good Jeffrey bestowed, in 1827 and for some subsequent years, on a young man of letters so utterly different from himself as Carlyle was in character and principles, so intractable to his Whig teaching, and so wrapt up in a certain foreign, unintelligible, and tasteless Mr. Goethe. Something of this feeling, indeed, does appear in many passages of Carlyle's sketch, as when he says "Jeffrey's acquaintance seemed, and was for the time, an immense acquisition to me, and everybody regarded it as my highest good fortune." And no wonder. From being a mere translator from the German, or writer of hack articles in obscure places, Carlyle became a contributor to the *EDINBURGH REVIEW*. In June 1827, or within a month or two after his introduction to Jeffrey, appeared his first article in the Review, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, in twenty pages; and in the very next number, in October 1827, appeared his more full and elaborate article, in forty-eight pages, entitled *State of German Literature*. They caused, as he tells us, "a sensation among the Edinburgh buckrams," and were widely criticised in the newspapers, with the effect of setting "many tongues wagging" about the strange fellow in Comely Bank to whom Jeffrey had given such unusual licence of innovation on the established doctrines of the Review, and who was trying to found a school of "German Mysticism." At all events, people who liked that kind of matter and were interested in German Literature knew henceforth where to apply; and, a so-called FOREIGN REVIEW AND CONTINENTAL MISCELLANY having been started in London, Carlyle was eagerly invited to contribute. In the first number of this new periodical, in January 1828, appeared his *Life and Writings of Werner*, in forty-seven pages; and in the second number, in April 1828, his *Goethe's Helena*, in forty pages. These two articles in



the FOREIGN REVIEW, with the two already contributed to the EDINBURGH, form the whole of Carlyle's known writings during the Comely Bank period.

One of the most interesting men in Edinburgh during Carlyle's eighteen months at Comely Bank was Sir William Hamilton. The name of Sir William, and his reputation for universal erudition and for devotion to philosophy and metaphysics, had been known to Carlyle from the later days of his studentship in Edinburgh University. In then passing the house where Sir William lived, and seeing the light burning in Sir William's room late at nights, he would think to himself, "Ay, there is the real scholar, a man of the right sort, busy with his books and speculations!" Since then he had formed some slight personal acquaintance with Sir William by meetings with him in the Advocates' Library; but it was after the settlement in Comely Bank in 1826, when Sir William was thirty-eight years of age, and had been nominally for five years Professor of History in Edinburgh University, that the acquaintanceship reached the stage of familiarity. Carlyle has commemorated it in a few pages contributed to Veitch's *Memoirs of Sir William Hamilton*, published in 1869, thirteen years after Sir William's death. "I recollect hearing much more of him," Carlyle there writes, "in 1826 and onward than formerly: to what depths he had gone in study and philosophy; of his simple, independent, meditative habits, ruggedly athletic modes of exercise, fondness for his big dog, &c. &c.: everybody seemed to speak of him with favour, those of his immediate acquaintance uniformly with affectionate respect. I did not witness, much less share in, any of his swimming or other athletic prowesses. I have once or twice been on long walks with him in the Edinburgh environs, oftenest with some other companion, or perhaps

"even two, whom he had found vigorous and worthy: pleasant walks and abundantly enlivened with speech from Sir William." He proceeds to describe a peculiarity of Sir William's talk, when, in expounding some difficult point perfectly lucid to himself, he would say "*The fact is,*" and then, after plunging for a while through a tough medium of words and distinctions, repeat "*The fact is,*" and so go on again, without ever quite succeeding in clutching "the fact" so as to bring it out to his satisfaction. There is also an account of a debate on Craniology between Sir William and Mr. George Combe one evening at a great meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, when Sir William, in Carlyle's opinion, utterly demolished Combe and his phrenology by exhibiting two skulls, one the skull of a Malay murderer and the other the skull of George Buchanan, and showing that by the phrenological measurements the Malay murderer was much the superior man. That presence of Carlyle in the Royal Society rooms seems, however, to have been on a winter visit to Edinburgh a year or two after the time of his residence in Comely Bank. That he knew those rooms by more attendances in them than one I am positively certain; for he entertained me once with a recollection of the very excellent and rare quality of the tea that, from some exceptional opportunity of correspondence with China, used then to be served out to members and visitors of the Edinburgh Royal Society after the business of the meetings.

Another Edinburgh acquaintanceship of the Comely Bank time was that with John Wilson, the ever-famous "Christopher North." He had been lord of BLACKWOOD since 1817, and since 1820 the admired and adored of all the youth of Edinburgh University, for his magnificent mien and stature, and the legends of his feats of strength, pedestrianism, and pugilism, no less than for his eloquent

and rapturous prelections in the Moral Philosophy professorship. To know the great Wilson by his figure and face as he strode, yellow-haired and white-hatted, along Prince's Street or George Street, was a mere privilege of being in the same city with him. You could not miss him if you were in either of those streets, and on the outlook for him, any three days in succession; and once seen he was in your memory for ever. That amount of cognisance of Wilson in Edinburgh had been Carlyle's, as everybody else's, for not a few years; but it was now, in Wilson's forty-second or forty-third year, and Carlyle's thirty-second or thirty-third, that they first met in private and shook hands. It was, as Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, informs us in her *Life* of her father, in the rooms of a friend of Carlyle's who was also a friend of Wilson's. Carlyle has described to me the meeting himself, and how late they sat, and in what a glory of talk, though the details had been forgotten, they spun out the hours, not without hospitable fluid aids on the table, whether of the foreign ruby and amber sorts or of the more potent native crystal. It was so very late, or rather such early morning, before they parted, I have heard most authentically from another source, that, when Wilson rose and threw open the window, clear daylight had come, and the birds were singing. Regular to strictness as were Carlyle's habits always, and obliged as he was to such strictness by the state of his health, he would venture now and then on such exceptionally late conviviality on sufficient occasion or in fit company, and did not find himself any the worse for it. Other instances of it are within my knowledge, when he sat for long hours with far humbler companions than Christopher North, and was the life and soul of their little symposium.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There does not seem to have been much direct intercourse between Wilson and Carlyle after the meeting mentioned, though there

De Quincey had not made Edinburgh definitively his home in 1827 and 1828; but, his connexion with BLACKWOOD having then begun, he was a good deal in Edinburgh through those years, astray for reasons of finance from his family in Grasmere, and quartered with his friend Wilson, or in Edinburgh lodgings of his own. In recollection of his severe review of Carlyle's *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* in the LONDON MAGAZINE for August and September 1824, there was considerable shyness on De Quincey's part in meeting Carlyle now; but, a meeting having happened somehow, and that disagreeable recollection having been sunk, no one was a more welcome visitor to Carlyle and his wife in Comely Bank than the weird little opium-eater. The passage in the *Reminiscences* in which Carlyle gives his own and Mrs. Carlyle's impressions of De Quincey as they then knew him, reveals on the whole, with all its drawbacks of critical estimate, a lingering regard to the last for De Quincey as one of the most remarkable British children of genius in his generation; and there is other, and perfectly conclusive, evidence that in the Comely Bank days his regard for De Quincey was something still higher and more affectionate. But, indeed, all through those days in Edinburgh, Carlyle's literary sympathies, politically a Radical *sui generis* though he was, and the *protégé* though he was of the Whig potentate Jeffrey, were rather with that Tory set of Edinburgh intellectualities of whom De Quincey was one, and of whom Wilson in *Blackwood* was the public chief, than with Jeffrey's more narrow-laced clientage of the blue-and-yellow.

were cordial exchanges of regards between them, and some incidental compliments to Carlyle in *Blackwood*. I have reason for believing that among Carlyle's papers he has left sketches of Wilson and Sir William Hamilton; of what extent, or whether that of Hamilton amounts to anything more than is published in Veitch's *Life of Hamilton*, I do not know.

His acquaintance with Lockhart, who had been in London since 1826 as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, can hardly date from this period; but among those I have heard him speak of as Edinburgh friends of his, almost certainly of this period, was the accomplished George Moir, then one of the young Tory lawyers of literary note about the Parliament House, and afterwards Professor of Belles Lettres in the University. How many other persons, Whig or Tory, distinguished or undistinguished, came about him in Comely Bank, who can tell now? Miss Jewsbury, indeed, in her notes of Mrs. Carlyle's talks with her, is very comprehensive and summary on the subject. "Whilst they were in Edinburgh," says Miss Jewsbury of Carlyle and his wife, "they knew everybody worth knowing: Lord Jeffrey was a great admirer of hers, and an old friend; Chalmers, Guthrie, and many others." This may be substantially true, but the particulars are a sad jumble on Miss Jewsbury's part. Guthrie was then a young man, living totally unheard of in his native Forfarshire, and not yet even a parish minister; and the great Chalmers, who had left Glasgow and its excitements in 1823 for the quiet studiousness of the Moral Philosophy Professorship at St. Andrews, can have been but an occasional visitor to Edinburgh from that date till 1828, when they invited him with acclamation to the more national post of the Professorship of Theology in Edinburgh University. Carlyle's distinct statement in the *Reminiscences* is that, after his old casual meetings with Chalmers in Glasgow in Irving's company in 1820 and 1821, he "never saw him again" till May 1847, when the noble old man, in his final visit to London a week or two before his death, called upon him and sat with him an hour in his house in Chelsea.

More precious by far to Carlyle than all the acquaintanceships Edinburgh afforded, or could afford, was his

correspondence with Goethe. It was to this great European intellect, this German soul of light and adamant, now verging on his eightieth year, and whom he was never to behold in the flesh, that his thoughts turned incessantly in his domestic musings in Comely Bank, or in his walks anywhere, with or without Jeffrey, between the rugged mass of Arthur Seat and the sylvan range of the Corstorphines. On Goethe's part too there had been a growing interest in the young literary Scot who was doing so much to introduce and interpret Goethe himself, and German thought and literature generally, to the mind of Great Britain. Apart from the four Review articles of 1827 and 1828, there had appeared, since that *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* in 1824 which Goethe had acknowledged in the note from him received by Carlyle in London, the *Life of Schiller* in 1825, and the *Specimens of German Romance* in 1827, this last completing the translation of the *Meister* by the addition of the "Meister's Travels" to "Meister's Apprenticeship." These had been sufficient texts for new communications between the sage at Weimar and his Scottish admirer; and such accordingly there had been. One is not sure whether already there had passed those knick-knacks of presents from Mrs. Carlyle to Goethe and from Goethe to Mrs. Carlyle of which we hear in the Goethe-Carlyle story as a whole; but certainly there had been letters between the two men. Nay, Carlyle and his writings had become a topic of frequent talk with Goethe in Weimar. It was on Wednesday, the 25th of July 1827, for example, that Goethe, having just received a letter from Sir Walter Scott, dated from Edinburgh on the 9th of that month, in reply to a letter of compliment and admiration which he had addressed to Scott circuitously in the preceding January, used these memorable words to Eckermann, after showing him Scott's letter and expressing his

delight with it:—"I almost wonder "that Walter Scott does not say "a word about Carlyle, who has "so decided a German tendency that "he must certainly be known to him. "It is admirable in Carlyle that, in "his judgment of our German authors, "he has especially in view *the mental* "and *moral* core, as that which is "really influential. Carlyle is a *moral* "force of great importance. There is "in him much for the future, and we "cannot foresee what he will produce "and effect." To the same purport were Goethe's words in again speaking to Eckermann about Carlyle sometime afterwards,—“What an earnest man "he is! and how he has studied us "Germans! He is almost more at "home in our literature than we ourselves." Goethe's surprise at Scott's silence about Carlyle was an acute hit, though made a little in the dark. Who does not regret to have it to say that Carlyle never was in Scott's society, never exchanged a word with him? That man of men in Edinburgh, of richer heart and grander genius than all her other celebrities put together, remained a stranger to the very fellow-citizen that was worthiest to know him and that would fain have known him well. Any time for the last fifteen or sixteen years Carlyle had, of course, been familiar with the stalwart figure of Scott, as he might be seen in the legal crowd in the Parliament House, or in his limping walk homewards thence, by the Mound and Princes Street, to his house in Castle Street. Further, it must have been some time in the Comely Bank days that Carlyle and his wife, walking in Princes Street, bestowed those more particular glances of curiosity on Scott's approaching figure of which I have heard Carlyle speak more than once. The little dogs that were passing would jump up, they observed, to fawn on the kindly lame gentleman whom they knew by instinct to be such a friend of their species and of all the living creation; and Scott

would look down to the animals benevolently from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. That this was Carlyle's closest approach to relation with Scott seems unaccountable. True, the time when Carlyle and his wife took up house in Edinburgh had been at the close of that fatal year for Scott when there had come the sudden crash of his fortunes, followed by the death of Lady Scott, converting him into a lonesome and bankrupt widower, incapable any longer of his customary hospitalities in Castle Street, and indeed bereft of that house, as of all else, for the behoof of his creditors, and toiling to redeem himself by his *Life of Napoleon* and other colossal drudgery in lodgings in North St. David Street. But that crisis of his downfall had passed, and the year 1827 had seen him more like himself, and domiciled again, more in household fashion, first in Walker Street and then in Shandwick Place. There had been the great Theatrical Fund Dinner in Edinburgh on the 23rd of February 1827, when Sir Walter was in the chair, and when in responding to his health he divulged formally, amid plaudits such as had never been heard in a hall before, the already open secret that he was the sole author of the *Waverley Novels*; and later in the year the voluminous *Life of Napoleon* was published, with the first series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate* besides, and the *Tales of a Grandfather* had been begun. Any time shortly before or shortly after that month of July 1827 when Goethe was so much gratified by the receipt of Scott's letter, there was nothing but the most untoward fate to hinder such a meeting between Scott and Carlyle as would have been pleasant to both. Unless I mistake, Goethe himself, struck with the anomaly that two such men should be in Edinburgh together without knowing each other, took special pains to put the matter right. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, mentions that Goethe, in writing to "his friend Mr. Thomas

Carlyle" soon after the receipt of Scott's letter, described it as "cheering and warm-hearted." This would tell us little, as Lockhart might have picked up the information by accident afterwards. There hangs in my memory, however, though more hazily than I could now wish, a talk with Carlyle himself, or with his brother John, in which I was told that Goethe purposely sent some such message to Scott through Carlyle, with the express intention that it should bring them together. Whether I was told of an inclosed note from Goethe to Scott in addition I cannot distinctly remember; but my recollection is that Carlyle did call at Scott's door (it must have been in Walker Street or Shandwick Place) and left the note or the transcribed message, whichever it was, and that, much to his disappointment, he heard nothing more of the matter. That this was by some sheer mischance no one can doubt that knows Scott's universal kindness and exemplary attention to all the social courtesies. It is not the less to be regretted; and Carlyle, I think, regretted it always. His estimate of Scott, it could be proved, was much higher in 1827 and 1828 than that which he penned ten years afterwards in his famous essay in the *London and Westminster Review*.

Carlyle's later memories of the eighteen months, or more strictly nineteen, spent in Comely Bank, are summed up by him in the *Reminiscences* in one doleful sentence. "Comely Bank," he says, "except for one darling soul, whose heavenly nobleness, then as ever afterwards, shone on me, and should have made the place bright (ah me, ah me! I only know now how noble she was!) was a gloomy intricate abode to me, and in retrospect has little or nothing of pleasant but her." So far as this is not a picture tinged, like all the rest of his life, by the final darkness in which it was painted, and to be corrected by the facts as they are otherwise

ascertained, the reference may be to the causes which made him suddenly give up his Comely Bank house and remove himself again from Edinburgh. These, there can be no doubt, were economical perplexities. Thrift, frugality, abhorrence from debt or extravagance, was always one of Carlyle's characteristics; and he had found the expenses of married life in Edinburgh beyond his means. On this point some light can be thrown by information from himself, and an annexed calculation. He told me once of a ride of his into Dundee, in the dusk of evening, with 300*l.* in his pocket, all he had in the world, and of a certain nervousness that came over him, in consequence of the disturbed state of the times and the roughness of the neighbourhood, lest he should be attacked and robbed. The story had no special significance for me at the moment, save that I wondered what Carlyle could have been doing so far north out of his usual track as Dundee; but it seems to me now that the date must have been the spring of 1824, when he parted with the Buller family at Kinnaird House, on his way southwards, to recruit himself, if possible, for meeting them again in London and there resuming the tutorship. Dundee or Perth would then be a likely station on his southward journey; and he had been in the receipt by this time of two years of his salary from the Bullers. On that supposition, remembering that his intermediate receipts before his marriage and settlement in Edinburgh had been 180*l.* for his *Wilhelm Meister*, together with something further of the Buller salary for resumption of duty in London—but that there had been expenses for his nine months in London and Birmingham, some loss in the year's farming speculation at Hoddam Hill, and the necessary costs of his removal and marriage, and of furnishing the house in Comely Bank—we may fairly conclude that he cannot have begun housekeeping in October 1826



with more than a clear 100*l.* or so. His literary earnings in the next eighteen months, if the whole of his remuneration for the *German Romance* fell in then, may have been about 300*l.* for that work, together with about 150*l.* for his four articles in the *Edinburgh* and the *Foreign Review*. Compute the expense of the Comely Bank household, rent included, as necessarily not less than about 300*l.* a year; and it will be seen that, in the beginning of 1828, Carlyle may well have felt that if he remained in Edinburgh he was in danger of running aground. He had been anxious, in fact, to obtain some post of fixed and certain income that would relieve him from precarious dependence on the press. Two such chances had offered themselves. The new "University of London" (now University College, London) had been founded in 1826; and in the course of 1827 the authorities of the new institution had been looking about for professors, in view of the opening of the classes for teaching in October 1828. Carlyle had thought that the Professorship of English Literature would suit him and that he would suit it, and had hoped that Jeffrey's influence with Brougham might secure him the post. Then, while that matter was still hanging, there was the still more desirable chance of the succession to Dr. Chalmers in the Moral Philosophy Professorship at St. Andrews. It was known in January 1828 that Dr. Chalmers was to be removed to Edinburgh; candidates were already in the field for the succession, the gift of which was with the Professors of St. Andrews, and Carlyle is found in that month making very energetic exertions as one of them. A letter of his to Procter in London is extant, dated the 17th of that month, explaining the circumstances, informing Procter that Jeffrey is his mainstay in the business and that he may "also reckon on the warm support of Wilson, Leslie, Brewster, and other men of mark,"

and requesting a testimonial from Procter and one from Mr. Basil Montagu. Both projects having failed, and the certainty having come that he must depend still on his earnings by literature, his resolution was taken. Away in his native Dumfriesshire, but in a much more wild and solitary part of it than his previous residences of Mainhill, Hoddam Hill, and Scotsbrig, was his wife's little property of Craigenputtock, worth from 200*l.* to 250*l.* a year. It was not in his wife's possession as yet,—her mother, Mrs. Welsh, having the life-rent of it; but, besides the farm-house upon it, occupied by the farmer who rented it, there was another and superior house, the humble mansion-house of the property, with sufficient appurtenances of garden, stabling, &c. Why not remove thither? One could live there at half the cost of living in Edinburgh, and yet have excellent milk, poultry, eggs, &c., of one's own, a horse to ride on, and healthy moors to scamper over! Jeffrey and others thought Carlyle mad in making such a proposal; but in May 1828 it was carried into effect. In that month Carlyle and his wife, after staying a week in Jeffrey's fine new house in Moray Place, while their furniture was jogging along in carts from Edinburgh to Craigenputtock, followed it by coach.

Here, therefore, in Carlyle's thirty-third year, his Edinburgh life properly ends, and there begins that extraordinary Craigenputtock period of six years, the literary products of which were five more articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, six more for the *Foreign Review*, three articles for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, one for the *Westminster Review*, about a score of contributions of various lengths to *Fraser's Magazine*, several little papers elsewhere, and, above all, the *SARTOR RESARTUS*. There were, indeed, two breaks in the six years of Craigenputtock hermitship. One was that

second visit to London, from August 1831 to April 1832, in which he heard of his father's death, and in which, while endeavouring to get his *SARTOR RESARTUS* published in book-form, he added Leigh Hunt, young John Stuart Mill, and others, to the number of his London acquaintances. The other was in the winter of 1832-3, when he and his wife were again in Edinburgh for some months, renewing old ties. That winter in Edinburgh, however,—just after the death of Scott, and some months after the death of Goethe,—furnishes nothing essentially new in the way of incident. Then, in the summer of 1834, when Carlyle was in his thirty-ninth year, and his *SARTOR RESARTUS* was appearing at last by instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*, there was the great final migration to London, beginning the forty-six years of Carlyle's life that were to be associated for ever with No. 5 (now No. 24) Cheyne Row, Chelsea. During those forty-six years there were, of course, frequent trips to Scotland, with chance

returns for a few days to Edinburgh. Most memorable of all was the visit to Edinburgh in April 1866, for the installation in the Rectorship of Edinburgh University. Of that visit, perhaps the crowning glory of his old age, and reconnecting him so conspicuously with Edinburgh at the last, but saddened for him so fatally by the death of his wife in his absence, I have not a few intimate recollections; as also of those later, almost furtive, visits now and again in his declining autumns, to his eightieth year and beyond, when his real purpose was pilgrimage to his wife's grave in Haddington Church, and he would saunter, or almost shuffle, through the Edinburgh streets as a bowed-down alien, disconsolate at heart, and evading recognition. These recollections may perhaps follow fitly, here or elsewhere, on some other occasion. All that is properly the Edinburgh Life of Carlyle has been concluded here.

DAVID MASSON.